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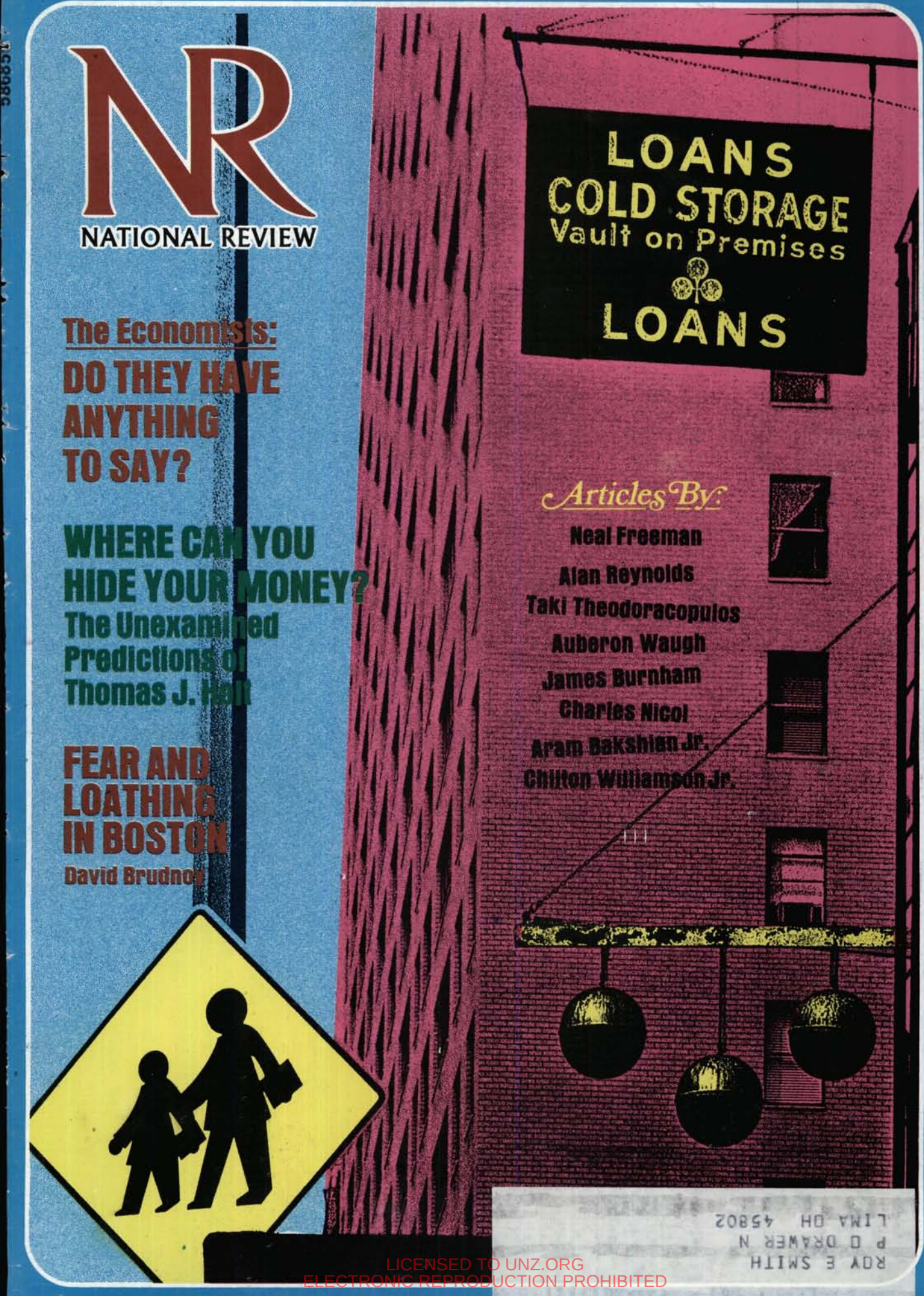
OCTOBER 25, 1974

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

The Economists:
DO THEY HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY?

WHERE CAN YOU HIDE YOUR MONEY?
The Unexamined Predictions of Thomas J. Hoit

FEAR AND LOATHING IN BOSTON
David Brudnoy



Articles By:

Neal Freeman
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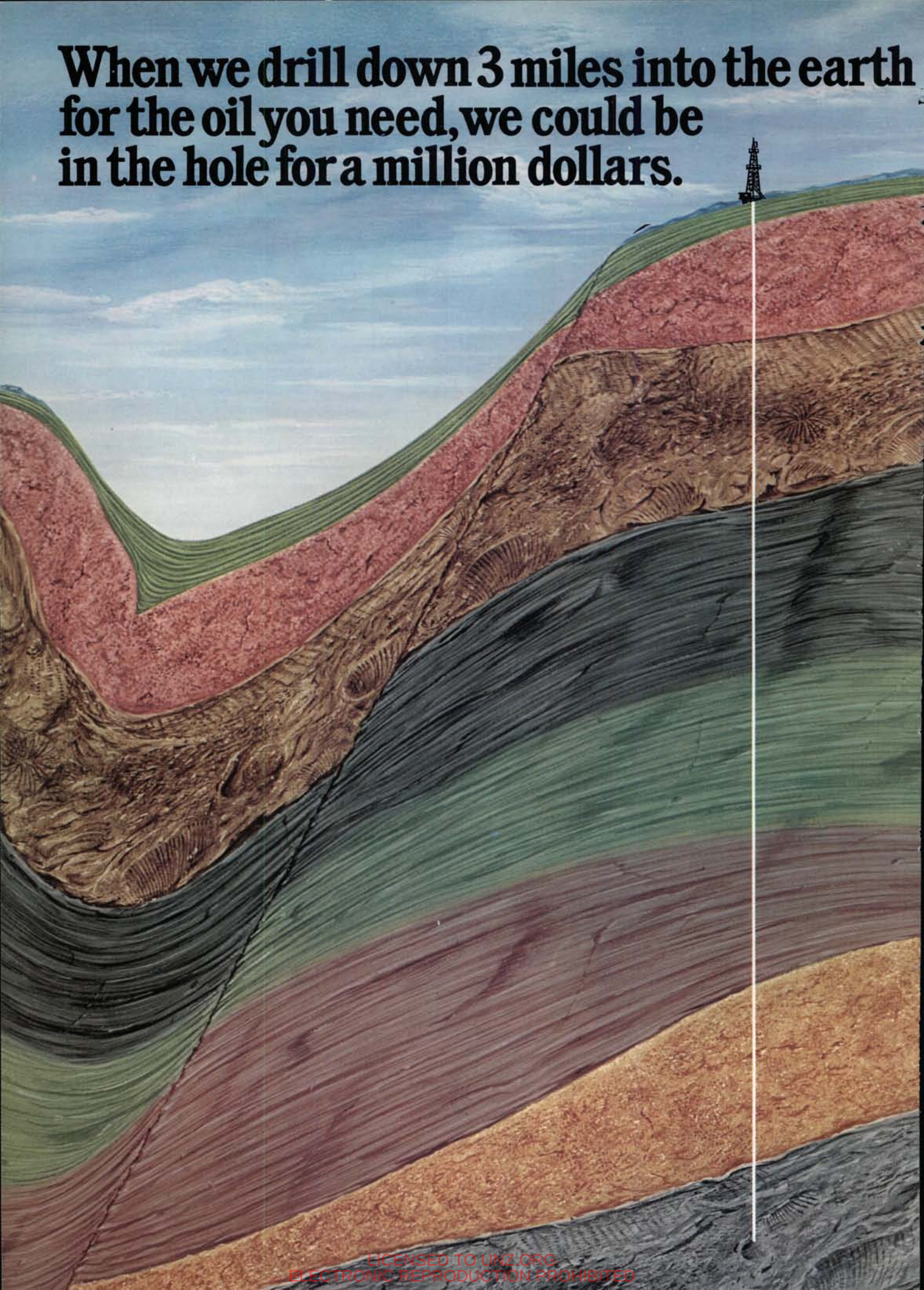

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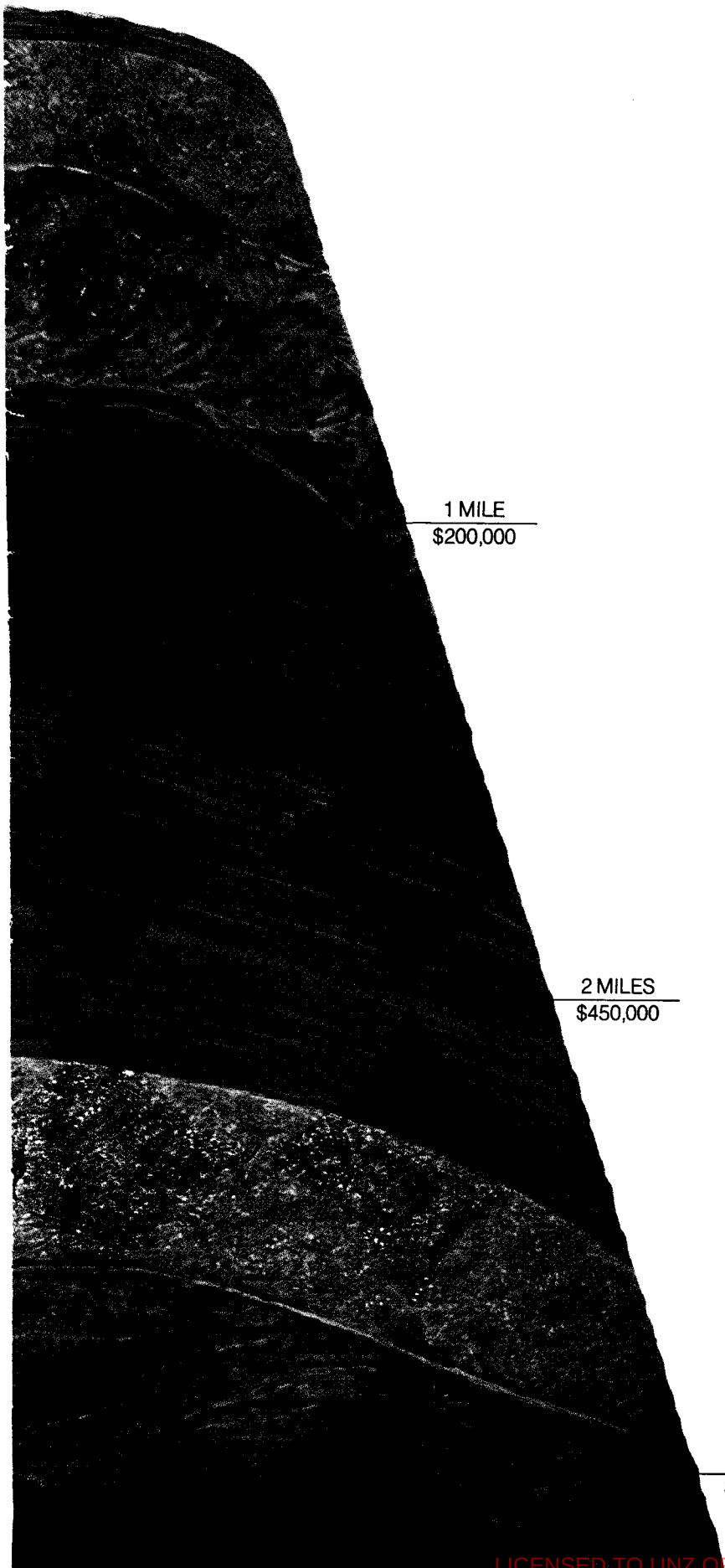

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*

Letters

Divorce

Not only may our commitment to Red China be too little and too late ["The Honeymoon That Wasn't," Robert S. Elegant, Oct. 11], its consequences will be irreversible. The Asian nations which supported us in quarantining the "People's Republic"—ludicrous phrase—have had to change their tune: they don't want to forgo any trading advantage if they don't have to. And once they begin they are not likely to stop. We are losing—have lost—our leverage in the East.

New Haven, Conn. JOHN DRAILLIT

Capital Inflation Tax

Re "The Week," September 27: I heartily applaud Senator James Buckley's move to apply an inflation index to federal income taxes. I would like to see similar action in a related area where even greater inequities are being wrought: capital gains, which, in many cases, reflect *only* inflation.

As a worst-case example, consider one's own home—usually the highest-ticket item one will ever buy. You buy it for $X and you live in it. It doesn't get any younger, it doesn't get any better; obviously, except for inflation, its dollar value would decline. You may sell it and buy another house with the exact proceeds—again and again, if you so elect—and not (yet) become tax-liable; but eventually the chain must end. Somewhere down the road you sell out and pay a tax on the gain in the value of a house that, by any objective standards, is less house than the one you bought in the first place.

Framingham, Mass. CHARLES H. CHANDLER

A Bas, Bakshian!

I have long admired Aram Bakshian's reviews of historical books, and his writing on food is superlatively hedonistic. But when he ventures into literary criticism—well, I wish he wouldn't.

Take his review of Martin Fido's new biography of Oscar Wilde ["Gas and Gossamer," Sept. 27]. I have little quarrel with the substance of what Mr. Bakshian says about Wilde's all-too-public private life, although phrases like "sequined slug" are uncharitable at best, despicable at worst. But in his literary judgments, Mr. Bakshian goes badly astray. For example, to say, "All gas and gossamer, most of Wilde's epigrams collapse under scrutiny," is to criticize Wilde as if he were trying to be Dr. Johnson and failing. In fact, he was producing epigrams like, "A little sincerity is a dangerous thing, and a great deal of it is absolutely fatal," or "I assure you that the typewriting machine, when played with expression, is not more annoying than the piano when played by a sister or a near relation. Indeed, many, among those most devoted to domesticity, prefer it."

"The Ballad of Reading Gaol," which Mr. Bakshian implies is Wilde's best work, could have been written by any number of competent poets. Only a great poet could write, "Cows are very fond of being photographed, and, unlike architecture, don't move."

Whittier, Calif. BETTY HENDERSON

Straw Man

Willmoore Kendall bore the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune all his days and even now finds himself under attack. One wonders why Dante Germino chose to vent his spleen on Kendall ["Conservatism and the Open Society," Sept. 27], who is merely a straw man in the piece. The "open society" Kendall attacked was the "open society" of Mill and Popper, and as Professor Germino recognizes—in passing—the Mill-Popper "open society" is not the same society as the Bergson-Voegelin "open society." If Professor Germino can figure this out all by himself, you can bet that Kendall had it figured out before Professor Germino started shaving.

The "open society" of Voegelin is one in which man lives "between order and disorder, between truth and untruth." Obviously the reason we live in that kind of world is that human nature does not permit of our improving upon it. That "open society" is desirable because there is at least some truth in it. Man cannot shut out untruth, but by an act of the will he can pretty well blind himself to truth.

Professor Germino's obfuscation of

(Continues on page 1206)

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1974.

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Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

RATES: *$25.00 a year ($15.00 for the 48-page issues, and $10.00 for 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.*
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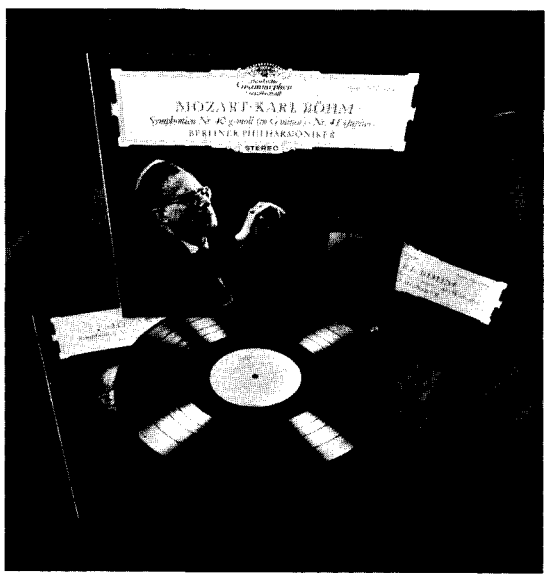

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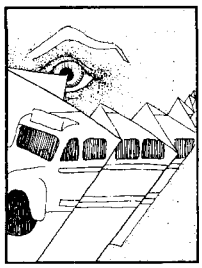

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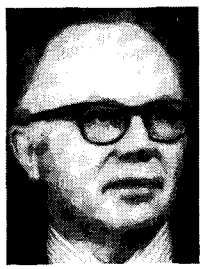

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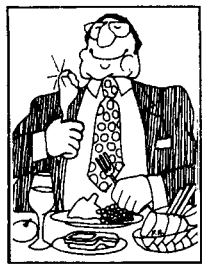

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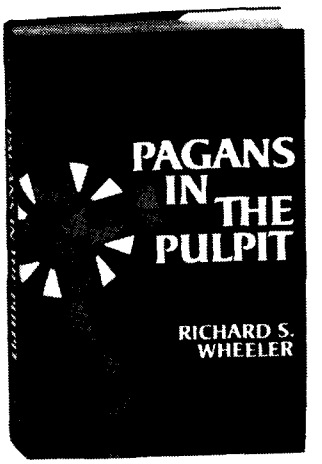
Brilliant young Christian writer achieves his ambitious aim: "to divorce Christianity from liberalism"

Christianity is a doctrine of individual salvation, and not a scintilla of evidence exists that Christ intended it as a doctrine of social or political reform. So contends Richard S. Wheeler as he lays bare the apostasy of the liberal church and its obsession with secular reform.

A forceful spokesman for traditional Christianity, Mr. Wheeler demolished the pretensions of the youth cult in his first book, *The Children of Darkness*. Here he takes aim at five fashionable movements:

- **The Socialist Impulse.** Mr. Wheeler explores the Christian attitude on private property, social justice and poverty. He finds in Scripture a deep concern for the poor, a warning to the rich, but not one iota of egalitarian doctrine—in fact, strong evidence that Christianity intended a hierarchic society with reconciliation between all, and mobility.
- **"The Politics of Suffering."** The author is tart toward those who exploit human distress for liberal political ends. "Suffering," he writes, "is the mother's milk of politics. The supply is endless and so is the pharmacopoeia in the politicians' kit bags. They have at hand the greatest resources of society: the power to tax and the power to legislate. With these great engines of benevolence they seek in all sincerity to bottle up the world's grief."
- **"The Tentative Citizen"** deals with valid authority and civil disobedience.
- **"The Peace Conspiracy"** measures the warlike peace movement against Scriptural norms, finds no shred of Christian basis for it.
- **"No Womb at the Top."** Mr. Wheeler's boldest confrontation is with Women's Lib. Insisting that the Christian position has been unfairly attacked; he examines *all* of Paul's and Peter's assertions, and one episode involving Jesus—all of which pay women much more honor than Women's Lib will admit. He unravels the New Feminism stitch by stitch, dilemma by false dilemma, but does concede valid points scored by the Libbers. More positively, Wheeler shows the abiding values of Christian family life, and how the Libbers imperil them.

With warmth, understanding and hard logic, Mr. Wheeler achieves his ambitious aim: "to divorce Christianity from liberalism, to cleave traditional Christian doctrine from theological and secular leftism." He concludes that "collectivist doctrine does violence to the faith and cannot be reconciled with it. Its means are not Christian; neither are its goals. While it operates on the fringes of Christianity, deriving some concern for the dispossessed from the towering charity of the church, its employment of the state to resolve all human difficulties, its belief in equality, and its schizophrenic pacifism-cum-war, all depart from Christian tenet. . . . In short, Christianity and socialism are not cousins, but enemies."



THE UNFASHIONABLE IDEAS OF AN OUTSPOKEN CHRISTIAN

- The absurdity of "equal opportunity"
- The caricature of Jesus as rebel
- Women's Lib dilemma: if women are so weak they can be easily dominated, how can they be so strong that chivalry is outmoded?
- Do Christianity and socialism really share the same goals but merely reach them by different means?
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- The truth about the communism practiced by the early Church. How it differs from today's socialism
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- Strange bedfellows: right-wing libertarians, left-liberals, and behavioral psychologists
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- The UN as surrogate for God
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FOR THE RECORD

■ The 1974 campaign is more than half over and Democratic prospects are rosiest in years, especially in gubernatorial races. Right now it looks as if the GOP will lose governorships in our two most populous states, California and New York. Polls show Democrat **Edmund Brown Jr.** ahead of **Houston Flournoy** by from 14 to 22 percentage points. . . . In New York, the **Hugh Carey** machine is humming. Although he likes the underdog image, Carey is ahead of incumbent GOP Governor **Malcolm Wilson** by at least 20 points in most polls. . . . Republican Governors **Jack Williams** (Ariz.), **Thomas Meskill** (Conn.), and **Tom McCall** (Ore.) are not seeking reelection and in each state the Democratic hopeful leads the Republican. . . . Massachusetts' liberal GOP Governor **Francis Sargent** bucked the trend and sought reelection—and is expected to be trounced Nov. 5 by Democrat **Michael Dukakis**. . . . Alaska's **William Egan** is unique as the Democrats' only incumbent governor in trouble. Egan trails former GOP State Senator **Jay Hammond**. . . . In Hawaii, Acting Governor **George Ariyoshi**, a Democrat and son of a sumo wrestler, is expected to beat Republican nominee **Randolph Crossley**. If he does, he'll be the first elected governor of Japanese ancestry. . . . **David Broder** predicts, "Democrats could emerge from the Nov. 5 voting with the governorships of almost three-fourths of the states, including nine of the ten largest."

■ A campaign collection group gives reasons contributions to Republicans have dropped two-thirds in recent weeks: President **Ford**'s pardon of **Richard Nixon** and his clemency program. . . . Revelation of **Rockefeller** bounteousness to former aides assures he won't be confirmed until after the elections, depriving Republicans of one of their most potent fundraisers. . . .

Audley, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"Is this the way the world will end?"

American Conservative Union says a poll of its membership shows 85.7 per cent don't want Rocky confirmed ever. Another ACU poll, this one of 25 Republican congressional offices, found only two supporting the ex-NY governor. . . . Chances are, lib or no lib, fewer women will be in next Congress. Of 45 women congressional candidates on major party tickets, only four are given a chance: in Ohio, **Fran Ryan** (D.) against Rep. **Samuel Devine** (R.); in Kansas, **Martha Keys** (D.) against State Rep. **John Peterson** (R.); in Alabama, **Nina Miglionoco** (D.) against Rep. **John Buchanan** (R.); in Arkansas, **Judy Petty** (R.) against Rep. **Wilbur Mills** (D.). All four have to win to keep number of women in Congress at 16 since four incumbents are retiring: **Edith Green** (D., Ore.), **Martha Griffiths** (D., Mich.), **Julia Butler Hansen** (D., Wash.), and Connecticut gubernatorial hopeful **Ella Grasso** (D.). . . . Looking toward '76: former Attorney General **Elliot Richardson** says he may 1) seek GOP presidential nomination or 2) take on **Ted Kennedy** in Massachusetts.

■ The Senate has approved a resolution making **Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn** an honorary U.S. citizen, the third in U.S. history. **Lafayette** and **Churchill** preceded him. . . . The House of Representatives has voted 246 to 164 to retain the **House Internal Security Committee**. . . . **Labor** thinks 1974, so far, has been a very good year: Congress passed a higher minimum wage law, landmark pension legislation, and approved bargaining rights for hospital workers. Nixon's resignation was the icing on the cake. Expecting more liberal Democrats in the next Congress, labor is happy to wait till next year for health insurance legislation.

■ A record 700,000 **Soviet-produced cars** will be sold to private owners this year in Russia. Production in **Communist China** is holding steady at about 110,000 vehicles, all but 1,500 of them trucks. The Chinese bicycle business, however, is booming. Both countries have a way to go before matching U.S. automotive production; in 1915 895,000 cars were sold to Americans. . . . **Argentine terrorism** has become so widespread that American multinationals are recalling virtually all their American employees. . . . U.S.-owned property on the Nile valued at around $1 million has been given to **Anwar Sadat** for executive mansion. This gift follows one of $70 million to Mrs. Sadat's favorite charity. Sadat hasn't yet flown in the $2-million helicopter Nixon gave him in June. Seems Nixon failed to give an instructor along with it.

■ Canadians may never play hockey against the Russians again, at least not in Russia. Returning **Team Canada** players had two complaints about playing in Russia: crooked refereeing and bugging. Diplomatic observers do not expect the scandal to bring down the Brezhnev government.

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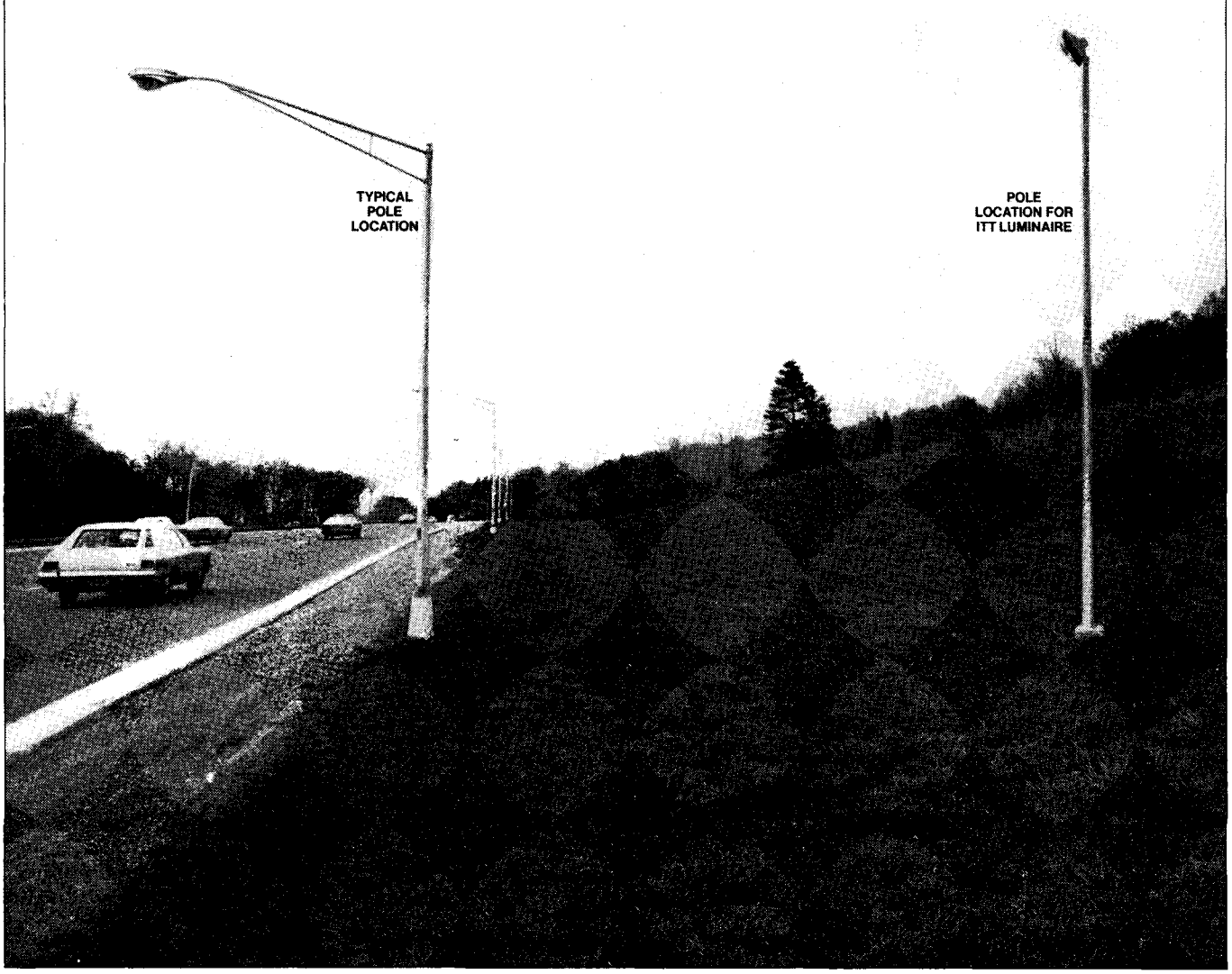

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 1200)

Kendall's position rests largely on his (Germino's) refusal to state the Mill-Popper position. Mill, Popper, and their ilk would not know truth if they fell over it, indeed they affirm that they seriously doubt whether there is any such thing. They argue for an "open society" on the basis that "untruth" has an equal right to be heard along with "truth." What is valueless is of course suppressible, so that the argument for Mill-Popper openness can flip over like a flapjack to become an equally powerful argument for repression.

The "open society" is commonly thought of as being open to anything and equally hospitable to all. Voegelin's open society *embraces* truth and *tolerates* untruth. It does not regard them as of the same value.

Providence, R.I. S. G. SANDERS

Kissinger and Detente

In his column on detente [August 2] Mr. Burnham is barking up the wrong tree. Although the Nixon-Kissinger "detente" (*recte* appeasement) policy could not be more unwise, this is another case of an ill wind blowing somebody some good. If only it would mark a revolution in our historic mania of acting as the world's evangelist, a job for the church, not the state, especially in a country believing as firmly in their separation as the U.S.! Ambassador Kennan and other critics are quite right when they claim that moralism has a very harmful influence on foreign policy. Or did we appreciate it when the heads of the Swedish and Indian governments compared us with the Nazis for bombing Hanoi?

Mr. Burnham would be on far more solid ground and performing at the same time a useful service if he aimed his shafts at the "detente" policy itself, which can only widen the power gap between Russia and the U.S. and thus help to spread rather than restrain the practices of which he so rightly disapproves.

Can Vifor, Mallorca F. C. NANO

Recently Mr. Buckley opined that Henry Kissinger is a great statesman. In the August 16 issue of *NR*, Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn makes the same assessment, and I wish to take issue.

In my definition, the term "statesman" embodies the attributes of nobility and wisdom. Apply the term as herein set forth to Mr. Kissinger. He has consistently dismissed the suffering of millions at the hands of two inhuman, wretched, indeed insane, regimes as "internal affairs." Thus the concern for the plight of others incorporated in the Judaeo-Christian ethos is swept aside in the name of . . . yes, "detente."

Surely we must bring to bear all those sanctions short of holocaust we have at our disposal—diplomacy is not one of the

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lesser ones. There are those events transpiring in the Communist nations the nature of which compels us, all of us, if we have any sense of the dignity of man or of simple decency and compassion, to speak out and act against them. Any man who places "national security" or "balance of power" or some vague, abstract notion of "peace" above that basic necessity does not speak for me and certainly is no statesman.

San Francisco, Calif. NEIL G. BARCLAY

Tiger Cages

Madsen Pirie's article, "The Tiger Cages Revisited" [Sept. 27], contains some crucial oversights. First, what *types* of prisoners are held at Con Son? Many are indeed "serious offenders" such as murderers, but are many others mere dissenters?

Second, Mr. Pirie's faith in the reporting of the U.S. Embassy in Saigon might be a little misplaced. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee recently revealed that the Embassy often falsifies reports to the public and governmental agencies. The Embassy's view that only 35,000 prisoners are held in South Vietnam, none of them for political reasons, has been contradicted by a number of sources, including Amnesty International.

Third, coming away from Con Son after a one-day visit with the impression that the tiger cages have been "empty for a long time" is like going on a 21-day tour of Russia and leaving with the idea that no political prisoners exist there. Beatings, applications of electricity, executions, and the like could be occurring miles from the sight of any foreign would-be observer.

Charlottesville, Va. WILLIAM J. VOLONTE

Almae Matres

Regarding your comment on the Ivy League papers in "For the Record" [Sept. 27]: I don't really know why Colgate did not come out against Mr. Nixon's pardon, but I *do* know that Colgate is *not* one of the eight Ivy League schools. A magazine edited by a Yalie should know better.

At least you didn't make the same mistake as *Esquire* a couple of years ago. In their advertisements for an "Ivy League Sweepstakes," they very stupidly excluded my alma mater, the University of Pennsylvania. The error quickly became a cause célèbre on campus, resulting in front page headlines in the *Daily Pennsylvanian* and several canceled subscriptions. *Esquire* broke down and wrote a ridiculous apology stating that they hadn't meant to exclude us, but they had merely listed the schools one *usually thought of* as Ivy League. Needless to say, *Esquire* hasn't been the same since.

East Cleveland, Ohio DONALD WISENOR

I must call your attention to a most startling lapse in Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s column "Mr. Ford on China" [Sept. 27]. "One worries about such lapses," he writes (about Mr. Ford's praises of China).

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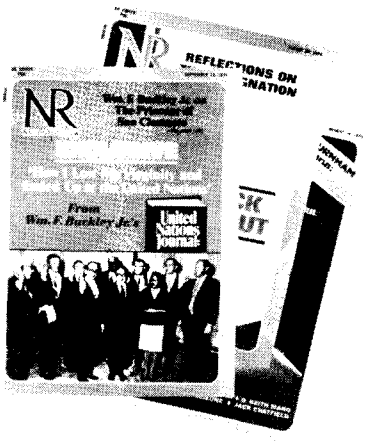

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Well, the next sentence worries me: "And recalls that haunted moment at Dartmouth University."

"Dartmouth University," is it? Mr. Hart would have been more than glad to tell you, Mr. Buckley, that the splendid educational institution located in Hanover, New Hampshire has been called "Dartmouth College" since its inception in 1769.

It would be presumptuous of me to lecture you on the difference between a college and a university. Suffice it to say that although it is a small distinction, there are those of us who love it. Dartmouth University, indeed.

Cambridge, Mass. PAUL STROHL JR.

Conservative Ripples

Elliott Miller's "Some Conservative Undercurrents" [July 5] is an article I would like to put much faith in, but, unfortunately, I find it impossible to do so. Mr. Miller's optimism, admirable though it may be, is painfully naive and, perhaps, even a bit dangerous. To take just one example, the field of motion pictures, Miller finds it significant that Hollywood has shifted away from the "violence and sensuality" of *A Clockwork Orange* to "more modulated and romantic" movies such as *The Way We Were*. Miller considers sensuality and violence to be automatically harmful. But what about the content of these films? Despite its brutality and explicitness, *A Clockwork Orange* represented nothing less than a compendium of ideas long debated between classical conservatives and conservatives of a more libertarian persuasion. Kubrick's film, like Burgess' intensely conservative novel, examined the problem of good and evil, and the stupidity of modern day social reformers who believe evil and violence can be turned off at the flick of a well-placed electronic switch; most importantly the film expresses a manifest belief in the primacy of free will. All of which makes it simply incredible that Miller could link this film with such moronic trash as *The Devil in Miss Jones*.

Even more puzzling is his admiration for *The Way We Were*. The film was patently commercial ("Streisand and Redford—Together" was the public relations pitch), but some political considerations were thrown in for the masses to chew on. Somehow we were supposed to believe that Barbra Streisand was a superdedicated young Communist turned superdedicated seeker of truth, honor, and peace whose upper class (i.e., nondedicated) husband, a Hollywood screen writer, was frightened into silence because of the witch-hunting tactics of a congressional committee.

No, I'm afraid what Mr. Miller takes to be conservative undercurrents are little more than faint ripples, not yet strong enough to recleanse the turgid waters of modern history.

Bronx, N.Y. THOMAS NASSISI

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THE WEEK

■ Jerald F. terHorst has just won the Conscience in Media Medal, awarded by the Society of Magazine Writers, for resigning as White House Press Secretary over the issue of Nixon's pardon. The Ascent of terHorst has only begun.

■ One of the Nixon Administration's less helpful legacies is the test ban treaty Nixon and Kissinger signed in Moscow last July, under the pressure of not wanting to take the bloom off detente. The Ford Administration, having decided that the treaty would not pass the Senate, is about to renegotiate it. As it now stands, tests acknowledged to be tests of nuclear weapons are limited in size, whereas tests claimed to be for peaceful uses are not. The danger is that we would probably abide by such a treaty, the Soviets probably would not, and the deception would be very hard to demonstrate conclusively. Meanwhile, Leonid Brezhnev, in East Germany for the 25th anniversary of its Communist state, called for a total ban on tests of nuclear *weapons*, and the removal of all nuclear-armed submarines from the Mediterranean—i.e., the removal of American nuclear-armed naval aircraft and submarines from within striking range of key areas of the Soviet Union.

■ Haters of presidential duplicity now can gnaw on Jim Bishop's new book, *FDR's Last Year*. It is mostly concerned with Roosevelt's long, almost monogamous affair with Lucy Rutherfurd, which would have scandalized his own generation but was obligingly unmentioned by the press; and with the pains Roosevelt and his doctors and associates took to ensure that the public would not know, in an election year, that he was dying. The first of these deceptions is hard to judge, and in any case, was highly conventional, Jefferson being perhaps the only President whose amours were exposed during his term in office. But the second deception, as they say, "raises questions." Failing to tell the public that a candidate almost surely will die before the end of his term violates no law; yet it is a seriously irresponsible act, a way, you might think, of stealing an election, and one that might warrant the concern of our enthusiasts for retroactive impeachment.

■ Barry Goldwater (*sic*) has called for a defense spending cut of $5 billion, and that just about settles it: defense spending will go down notwithstanding that in terms of real buying power or as a percentage of GNP it has already been going down for years. At least, since 1969. But that was the height of the Vietnam War and it may no longer be an appropriate year against which to measure current spending. Still, as a percentage of GNP, defense spending is, at 5.8% for 1975, down even from 1964's 8.3% (in 1968 it was 9.4%). This year it looks as if the generals are going to have to do with less. Meanwhile, the Soviets have tested a new 4,000-mile-plus submarine-fired missile. Meanwhile, Soviet tank production surpasses ours by a ratio of 8 or 9 to 1. And also meanwhile, the strategic vise tightens on critical natural resources.

■ Everyone knows which are the fastest growing states in the nation: first California, where the Easterners go, followed closely by Oregon, Washington, and Arizona, where the Californians go. Right? Not any more. In the years 1970 to 1973, Florida's population increased by the largest number of people (nearly 900,000) and the highest percentage (13); California held on to second place in numbers, but Texas nosed it out in percentage increase. Meanwhile, in the Deep South, where population has been eroding for decades, only two states had net emigration in t's period, and in both cases it was a fraction of 1 per c One reason for this reversal, says the Census Bureau as black income increases in the South and rac persists in the North, more Southern blacks are ding to stay where they are, even though it gets aw the summer.

■ A couple of years ag *six* years now!—there was a disturbance at Colum Jniversity. You remember Mark Rudd, James Simon Kunen, and the gang. Well, they're history now. And an architecture course at Columbia now assigns students to design a "Monument to the '68 Columbia Bust." Perhaps that shouldn't really shock us. But what should console and instruct us is that nobody proposes a monument to Grayson Kirk.

■ It looks like affirmative action, but in fact it's straight meritocracy. The *Detroit Free Press* reports it thus: "Detroit's Recreation Department proudly announced Wednesday the hiring of its first black woman landscape architect. Her appointment is provisional, though, because she flunked the civil service test. When a department official was asked why she was hired instead of one of the other two applicants, he explained: 'Because they flunked too, but she flunked higher than they did.' "

■ This season's most frequently repeated cliché is that "with only 6 per cent of the world's population, the U.S. consumes a third of the world's resources." It would be more revealing to substitute the word "produces" for "consumes." Many resources would not even be considered resources if U.S. technology had not devised a way to put them to human use. One of the more obvious ways we "consume" resources is in feeding the people of countries like Russia and China, which manage to be net importers of many farm products though they utilize vastly more farm land and labor than we do.

■ "Most regulated industries have become federal protectorates, living in a world of cost-plus, safely protected from the ugly specters of competition, efficiency, and innovation." Though this statement could have come

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from George Stigler or Milton Friedman, the words are actually those of Lewis Engman, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission. In a remarkable address to the Financial Analysts Federation, Mr. Engman noted that consumers are "paying plenty in the form of government-sanctioned price fixing." In transportation alone, government regulation may cost consumers as much as $16 billion a year. Last month, the Civil Aeronautics Board refused to let a British airline offer scheduled flights from New York to London for a little more than a third of the "economy" fares charged by the international rate-fixing cartel. And "when the Supreme Court held some time ago that dressed poultry was an agricultural commodity under the ICC act and thus not subject to regulation, the average rate for shipping it fell by 33 per cent." Giving dozens of equally outrageous examples, Mr. Engman concluded that "our airlines, our truckers, our railroads, our electronic media, and countless others are on the dole."

■ The rapprochement with Cuba has come on little cat feet, and now, before two words have been said about it officially and in public, recognition is nearly upon us. Senator James Buckley, hoping it is not already too late, has called for a national debate on the subject to replace the "drift moving us uncritically toward a relaxation of sanctions against the Castro regime" (see "On the Right," p. 1254). If we do decide, after informed debate, to recognize Cuba, he feels we should demand some quids for our quo—especially the end of the "special relationship" between Cuba and the Soviet Union.

■ We are still rubbing our eyes at a letter from a man in San Francisco, who tells us the latest in the field of affirmative action. A young black woman, it seems, applied to the law school of the University of California. Her credentials were excellent: a high grade-point average at the prestigious university from which she had graduated. Ordinarily, admission to the law school would have been all but automatic. But she needed money; so she applied to a minority recruitment commission for financial assistance. And during the interview it transpired she was married to a white man. The commission inferred from this that she lacked "racial pride" and would not make an effective lawyer for her people. She was denied financial aid. And admittance to the law school.

■ Greeks haven't had much choice of government lately, but the election scheduled for November 17 will give them a very clear choice indeed. The major contenders are—reading from moderate right to farthest left—Constantine Karamanlis' New Democracy party, George Mavros' centrist coalition, Andreas Papandreou's Panhellenic Socialist Movement, and the United Left, composed of various Communist and Marxist factions. Karamanlis and Mavros are anti-Communist and would maintain ties with Western Europe. Papandreou's program is for heavy nationalization at home and anti-U.S. "neutrality" abroad. The Communists are Communist. It is unlikely that any group will get a clear majority; the best Greece can hope for is that Karamanlis and Mavros combined will, can agree to, cooperate in the new parliament. Meanwhile, the Left wants Karamanlis to postpone the election, purge all holdovers of the Colonels' regime from the government, and try them for their misdeeds. A postponement is unlikely, but 100,000 officials have been purged already, and many of the former higher-ups are under arrest. Revenge is as Greek as democracy; if the Left should, somehow, win, it will have its innings again.

■ Since the end of May, Russians have been quenching their thirst with a new "nonalcoholic tonic," Pepsi-Cola. At about 55 cents for seven ounces, Pepsi costs twice as much as other Soviet soft drinks and is more expensive than beer, yet Russians love it. The foreman of the factory where it's produced says, "Pepsi is so good for you that at the end of the day it makes you feel like the day is just beginning." In June Coca-Cola signed a "cooperation agreement" with Russia, but the deal didn't include liquid refreshment. The foreman may never know if things go better with Coke.

■ Onward and Upward with the Common Market. Item 39.02. C.VI(A) of the common customs tariff reads as follows: "Hydrogenated copolymerization products of butadiene and styrene in forms covered by Chapter 39 Note 3(B), of which a 3 per cent mass/mass solution in a paraffinic solvent of kinematic viscosity 4.7 centistokes at 99 degrees centigrade and of viscosity index 97 as measured by Institute of Petroleum method 226/68, has a kinematic viscosity of not less than 13 centistokes at 99 degrees centigrade and when tested for sheer stability in accordance with the Institute of Petroleum method 294/73T, undergoes a reduction of kinematic viscosity at 99 degrees centigrade of not more than 0.25 centistokes."

■ Every week, with a startlingly small number of lapses, *The Economist* gives the British government enlightened political and economic advice. Every week, the British government blithely ignores the advice, which may be part of the reason why Britain is suffering from a 20 per cent inflation rate, its unions have threatened a general strike, and the citizens have had to endure their second national election in eight months. So it is little wonder that Alastair Burnet—editor-in-chief of *The Economist* since 1965—has finally tired of trying to educate an elite imbued with statism even on its Tory flank. He has quit, to become editor of the *Daily Express*, a mass-circulation paper more or less the British equivalent of the *New York Daily News*. It is Burnet's feeling that he may be able to do more good giving the *Daily Express*' working class Tory readers an articulate voice; that just possibly, with the help of clear ideas, they might elect a less thick-headed group of leaders. If it is not already too late.

■ The Soviet Union is solving current unemployment problems by offering prison sentences of up to a year for

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Madonna and Child

Inside Top: May the celebration of the birth of the Infant Christ remind us of the dignity and value of each human life.

Inside Bottom: To you, and to your loved ones, A Blessed Christmas.

Madonna and Child in soft blue on cream stock with matching blue envelope.

Modern Design
Traditional Message
Three Kings

Inside Top: They came, these three who in the world's eye were renowned, and gave the best they had and knelt in awe before the Gift that had been given them. No easier is it now to find the road to Bethlehem. Still, each restless wanderer need take heart. For surely it was promised that all who seek shall find the Covenant fulfilled.

Inside Bottom: May the Gift at Bethlehem be yours this Christmas.

Kings image presented in green, accented by blue halo around figures on cream stock and complemented by deep green envelope.

Holy Family Portrait

Inside Top: The carpenter gazed upon the two in muted wonder that Providence had elected him to shield the Promise of the ages.....a role all history would mark - And profound love did rise in him as he beheld his Lord in infancy. The mother held the Child Redeemer in her girlish arms, and did adore Him with the purest love - And took upon herself the joyful task of mothering her Son - and God. Thus was a shepherd's stall by love transformed into the first abode for the Prince of Peace. For homes are fashioned not by wood or stone, but love.

Inside Bottom: To you and all who dwell within your home, A Blessed Christmas!

Holy Family Portrait in green ink, framed by green holly and red berries, presented on cream stock with matching cream envelope.

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"parasitism"—i.e., lack of a job. Since a workbook must be presented when applying for a job, the threat of an unfavorable notation in one's workbook becomes an indirect threat of imprisonment for inability to find work. This serves to maintain labor discipline and keep dissidents in line. Thus, Aleksandr Voronel, a Jewish physicist, was unfavorably dismissed from his job for applying (unsuccessfully) for permission to emigrate. This effectively blacklists Voronel, who is now facing the threat of a prison sentence for the crime of not having a job.

■ From the Fold, Spindle and Mutilate Department. Ray and Donyce Moore of Las Vegas, Nevada, protesting a boost in their electric bill from $47 for May to $70.87 for August, marched into the Nevada Power Company to pay their bill with 1,418 unrolled nickels.

Lorenzo de' Rockefeller

In his famous short story "The Diamond as Big as the Ritz," F. Scott Fitzgerald describes the richest man in the world, who lives atop a mountainous diamond in the West, sends his son East to St. Midas school—the most exclusive prep school in the world—and, among other things, tries to pay off God. Despite his heroic blintz consumption and his other democratic manners, Nelson Rockefeller often seems a character out of Fitzgerald's glittering fantasy.

It now emerges that over the years a number of politicians, aides, and other associates have received from Rockefeller huge cash gifts and other presents and favors, raising questions of propriety, though not, at this point, of legality.

The largest Rockefeller gift so far disclosed went to Dr. William J. Ronan, chairman of the New York/New Jersey Port Authority, and amounted to $550,000, a sum that is not a bagatelle even to Nelson Rockefeller. Senator Jesse Helms noted the existence of a possible conflict of interest situation here, since Rockefeller as governor had to negotiate with Ronan over important municipal financial transactions. Rockefeller also gave Henry Kissinger $50,000 shortly before Kissinger joined the Nixon Administration. Questions are now being asked about the propriety of thus placing under implicit obligation a man about to become a senior public official in Washington.

The list of Rockefeller benefactions is a long one, and includes $100,000 to Hugh Morrow, his press secretary, and $86,000 to L. Judson Morhouse, a former Republican state chairman, whom Rockefeller also pardoned after a conviction on bribery and other charges. Lesser gifts fell like the rain from heaven upon the just and the unjust: works of art, Steuben glassware, as well as perquisites and posts not exactly under Rockefeller control, but apparently within the Rockefeller penumbra.

Some humorous episodes have also come to light. When the Democratic boss of Brooklyn, Meade Esposito, was visiting Rockefeller in Albany, Esposito happened to admire one of Rockefeller's Picasso lithographs, a $2,000 item. Rockefeller promptly gave it to him as a present. "So I took it home and put it on the wall," says Esposito, "and I asked my wife, 'How do you like it?' And she said, 'Ah, it's a nothing.' And I said, 'You know, I agree.' And she said, 'Christ, you're spoiling my color scheme.' " You can't win them all, even if you are Rockefeller.

Congressional reaction to Rockefeller's shower of benefactions has been negative, though so far guarded. Unless some illegality turns up, Rockefeller will still probably be confirmed as Vice President. But attention has been redirected to his enormous wealth and its potential misuse, and questions concerning propriety—questions of considerable weight—are being raised. As of now, Rockefeller has been damaged politically. How severe—and how lasting—that damage is remains to be seen.

Busing in Boston

The sociology is stark
  Where people bake the bean.
The Brahmins say they toe the mark;
  The Irish wax obscene.
The Brahmins turn to ridicule
  When middle classes fuss.
The Brahmins go to private school;
  The Irish have to bus.

W. H. VON DREELE

The President's Inflation Package

The economic and energy crises described by President Ford in his October 8 speech to Congress clearly demand more radical—in the sense of far-reaching—measures than the President was prepared to propose at this point. Where energy is concerned, the U.S. problem, uncomfortable though it may be, is less serious than the prospect facing Western Europe and Japan, and it is obvious that any solution must involve the major nations of the free world acting in concert. Inflation, too, will surely be far more intractable than the Ford proposals imply. At this juncture, however, the President no doubt had to be guided by concrete political circumstances. Without a whiff of catastrophe, the electorate is probably not in any mood for more radical measures. Congress shows itself to be reluctant to pass, and probably will not pass, even the small tax surcharge proposed by Ford —and if it does not, the spending proposals also put forward can only add to inflation. Given the national mood and congressional lethargy, the President could

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take only some tentative first steps. What further steps may be taken will be the subject of consideration in future issues of NR. *For the present, however, some comments on the Ford package:*

People are upset with inflation because it reduces the purchasing power of their earnings. A tax increase has precisely the same effect. President Ford's request for an increase in the price of government is not likely to be greeted with more enthusiasm than any other price increase.

It might be different if the proposed "inflation-fighting tax" had some chance of reducing the more capricious tax called "inflation." But there are already plans to spend at least as much as the surcharge might bring in, so the money would simply go from those who earned it to those who did not, with no net effect on aggregate purchasing power. The tax would not go to reducing the $11-billion deficit. President Ford hopes the $5-billion tax surcharge will "pay for the new programs I have recommended." Yet even that modest goal is doubtful.

The new spending proposals include: 1) mortgage subsidies for a handful of lucky buyers of new homes—this would cost "at least $3 billion immediately" and the Senate Banking Committee wants $10 billion; 2) tax relief for certain low and middle income taxpayers—$1.6 billion, to be financed by other direct and indirect tax increases disguised as "reforms"; 3) public service jobs for 170,000 workers, a number equivalent to three-tenths of 1 per cent of the unemployed—at a gross cost of perhaps $1.2 billion, offset to an unknown degree by not having to pay unemployment or welfare benefits to some of these people; 4) a Community Improvement Corps to transfer still more payrolls and jobs from the private to the public sector—costing up to $1 billion, depending on the unemployment rate; 5) 13 weeks of special unemployment benefits—cost unknown; and 6) a more generous investment tax credit for business—which would reduce corporate taxes by about $2 billion, or as much as the corporate tax surcharge was raised. With all these shells moving so quickly, it's hard to keep track of the pea. The President did mention a $300-billion spending "target," but the feasibility of achieving this halfway into the fiscal year, while simultaneously introducing vast new spending plans, remains to be seen.

There was no need for the President to exhort private citizens to sacrifice. They are already sacrificing by being taxed on illusory increases in income, by being pushed into higher tax brackets because of pay increases that buy nothing, by having their real interest earnings on U.S. Savings Bonds reduced to less than zero, by having government outbid them in markets for goods and services using bank balances created out of thin air, and by having government extract a fourth of the available investment capital through off-budget lending agencies, deficits, and ceilings on the rates that savings institutions are allowed to offer in the unfair competition with Treasury bills.

The most promising part of the Ford speech was that it drew attention to the absurdity of having the government jawbone a few prices down while the same government actively keeps many other prices up. The rate setting of just two federal regulatory agencies, the ICC and CAB, costs consumers some $16 billion a year, according to the head of the FTC. That is nearly as much as OPEC added to our fuel bill. Other "restrictive practices" doubtless explain why many wages or prices are higher than the competitive level, though not why such prices (much less most prices) are rising year after year. After all, the same restrictive practices prevailed during noninflationary periods.

The President's proposed "purging process" consists of examining the inflationary impact of existing government activities, eliminating rules and regulations that increase costs, and adding an "inflation impact statement" to executive and legislative initiatives. Such a purge has staggering potential to revitalize the economy. It should begin immediately with an inflation impact statement attached to the President's "anti-inflation" package.

Revolution and Democracy

Whenever a right-of-center regime is overthrown from the left, it has become customary to hail the "victory of democracy." Not infrequently the precise application of this phrase is hard to trace. Power has been won, in most of these cases, by an extralegal coup, not by any recognizable democratic procedure. On taking office, the first act of the new democrats is usually to slap a lot of people into jail with a notable lack of due process, to exile others, to throw many people out of their jobs without notice, and to outlaw various organizations. Although there is a lot of talk about free elections open to any and all parties, somehow one party and then another are found not suitable for a true democracy, and the election keeps getting postponed or transformed into a managed Yes-No plebiscite.

These comments are prompted by meditation on the course of Portugal's April revolution (see also "April Was the Cruelest Month," p. 1227). The coup was relatively peaceful, but it cannot qualify as democratic, nor was it a democratic mechanism that produced the Provisional Government, the military junta, and the Armed Forces Movement that share the power at the moment. A lot of people have been jailed in Portugal, a few exiled, many ruined financially, all by fiat. Organizations associated with the old regime were at once suppressed. Although the coupsters had proclaimed freedom of organization for all political parties, on September 18 the Provisional Government proscribed the right wing anti-Communist Nationalist Party, which had been under attack by the Moscow-oriented Communist Party and the other left wing parties since its formation in July. Under left wing pressure three weeks ago, a demon-

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Texan Ramsey Clark, formerly Attorney General, currently Democratic Senate candidate in New York, had a problem. A few years ago, when the United States was at war with North Vietnam, Clark popped up in Hanoi, where he seemed (to the untutored eye) to be hectoring American prisoners of war about how their only hope for release lay in supporting the election of George McGovern. Clark was roundly denounced for this, and most people expected that even New York's hyperliberal incumbent senator, Jacob Javits, would get around to making this an issue against Clark. But then Javits popped up in Havana, practicing a little private enterprise in foreign policy. When he returned from his conversation with Dr. Castro, Javits was met with hostile questioning from some hidebound Americans. So now his attempt to use the Hanoi trip against Clark has boiled down to this lame formulation: "Unlike the criticism that awaited anyone who went to North Vietnam when our troops were at war, no one is killing Americans in Cuba." Clark ignored this thrust, and went out to Long Island to call for free bus service on the grounds that "the rich" get a "free ride" on highways. And that is the public dialogue, this week, in New York.

■ A funny thing—actually, two things, neither very funny, from his point of view—happened to Ohio's Governor John Gilligan en route to becoming a full-blown Democratic presidential candidate. The first thing was the reorbiting of John Glenn, who appears headed for a smashing victory in his race for the Senate (his opponent is Cleveland Mayor Ralph Perk). If Glenn wins big, he will become the dominant Democrat in Ohio. And there is no love lost between Glenn and Gilligan who, when Senator William Saxbe was named Attorney General, appointed Glenn's old rival, Howard Metzenbaum, to the Senate. Glenn smashed Metzenbaum in the primary this year, and still bears a mighty grudge against Gilligan. Gilligan's second and even more important worry is his opponent this year, former Governor James Rhodes. Gilligan is impeccably liberal, bright, articulate—and abrasive. Rhodes is a politician of the old school, vague and friendly and full of good cheer and not much else. In Ohio, this might be a good year for the old school. And what is already certain is that Gilligan, even if he wins, will do so by a margin embarrassingly smaller than the margin Glenn is going to achieve.

■ Pretty Judy Petty is a long shot, but she could pull one of the most stunning upsets in American political history. She is Congressman Wilbur Mills' Republican opponent and she is giving him the toughest fight he has faced since he won his Arkansas seat 36 years ago. If Mills fails, he will be another casualty of the "post-Watergate morality." Mrs. Petty is emphasizing the alleged financial abuses of the brief but well-heeled "Draft Mills for President" caper in 1971-72, which received generous support from a number of people associated with industries that care very much what is done in the House Ways and Means Committee, of which Mills is chairman.

■ Julian Bond, the young black civil rights activist recently elected to the Georgia State Senate, has stolen the march on Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm this time around. By announcing that he will enter the Democratic presidential primaries, he probably has made sure that he will be the only black candidate. He is articulate and has spoken on a zillion campuses in recent years, so he can realistically hope for the kind of intense minority support that can have a disproportionate impact on primaries. His candidacy may be bad news for the more liberal candidates—Senator Walter Mondale (D., Minn.) et al.—who will be counting heavily on an appeal to blacks. Any such splintering of the basic liberal constituency will help another well-traveled Southern politician —George Wallace.

■ This being the season for Shermanesque statements, Florida's Governor Reubin Askew uttered one of his own. Well, it fell a bit short of Sherman, but it was firm enough: "I see no circumstances in which I would become involved in national politics. I am not leaving the door open. I am satisfied to remain in Florida." Since the Democratic Party has learned—the hard way —the hazard of losing the South to the Republicans, it is widely believed that a Southerner stands a good chance of getting the Party's vice presidential nomination. Now that Askew is out—or, to the extent that he is out—the chances of Jimmy Carter (Georgia governor) and Dale Bumpers (soon to be elected senator from Arkansas) improve. Senator Lloyd Bentsen of Texas is too busy running for President to even think about the Vice Presidency. Of course if Bentsen should get the presidential nomination, that would mean that no Southerner would get the number two spot. So that gives Bumpers and Carter an incentive to block him. —CATO

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stration by moderate and conservative citizens was forcibly prevented, thousands of conservatives were arrested, the political moderates in the government and junta were thrown out, and General Spínola himself was forced to resign with a farewell message that "new forms of slavery are being prepared under the flag of a false freedom." Currently, the Portuguese Communists are preparing a Reichstag Fire type of frameup and purge of the leading conservatives still left in the upper military echelons as a preliminary maneuver in consolidating the Marxist base in preparation for a seizure of total power.

In the book through which General Spínola became prominent last winter and in his declarations at the time of the coup, he pledged that the political status of the African provinces would be determined by the free democratic choice of their inhabitants instead of by continued fighting. In the event, even the pretense of a free choice has been dropped. Both Guinea-Bissau and Mozambique have been turned over to the principal revolutionary guerrilla organizations operating within the respective boundaries. In Guinea-Bissau the revolutionists (PAIGC) were in control of most of the country outside the towns, so that their recognition as the government is at least in line with the internal power relations, although, of course, their preponderance of power was achieved by guns, not votes. In Mozambique the power of Frelimo was limited to the northern fraction of the province and was actively rejected not only by the 250,000 white settlers but by the African tribes that are traditionally hostile to the tribe on which Frelimo is primarily based.

The Frelimo government that took over last month

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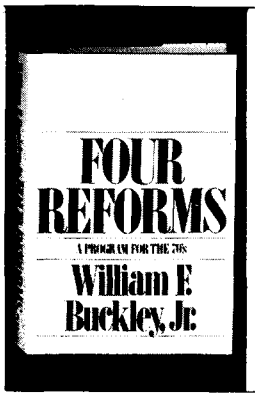
Here's what the reviewers have to say about Bill Buckley's book:



"It will do neither author nor reader any service to reconstruct his arguments in a review. The book is cheap, it is short, a delight to read: for a tired liberal a near approximation to a hard sweat and a Swedish massage. Read it." --Daniel Patrick Moynihan
THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

"All these proposals are provocative, promising, rational...They contribute substantially to urgent debate. I only wish I really believed enough people are listening where it counts."
--Edmund Fuller
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

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has no semblance of democratic legitimacy. The abortive anti-Frelimo uprising in Lourenço Marques was not a white assault against black rule but an attempt by a combination of whites and anti-Frelimo blacks to get Lisbon to put the question of the future government to some sort of democratic referendum. Perhaps this was unrealistic, but the fact is that Frelimo's takeover was imposed by force, with the decisive increment of force coming from the Portuguese army. Joaquim Chissano, the new Premier, and the top Frelimo leader, Samora Machel, immediately made clear, in terms that were an African adaptation of the Marxism-Leninism in which they have been trained, that Frelimo Mozambique is a one-party state and Frelimo is the party.

The game is not over in Mozambique and it is not going to be played out by the rules of democracy. And the game has hardly begun in Angola. Angola has much greater wealth, actual and potential, than either of the other provinces, and more than half a million white settlers. No single revolutionary organization has won ascendancy in the liberation movement; there are three major rivals, and a large part of the black population is not much attracted to any of them. The one thing certain about Angola's future is an absence of democracy in determining it.

It has not been *NR*'s position that democracy is everywhere and always the best form of government. We are against totalitarianism always and everywhere, but we believe that there are conditions in which an authoritarian regime can be both needed and desirable. And it may be—history seems to be telling us so—that democracy as the advanced Western nations have understood it is out of place in Africa. Nevertheless, we might as well call things by their right names.

Boston: Torture by Dogma

"Opening Day Generally Peaceful," crooned the liberal *Boston Globe* when a massive intracity busing plan went into effect this fall, but such cosmetic efforts by the media have proved futile, even ridiculous, as the truth bursts onto the TV screen and the front pages. In South Boston, a largely Irish and lower middle class enclave, the school boycott is almost total. Violence spreads and increases in intensity, and the prospect for the immediate future includes federal marshals, probably troops, and quite possibly some fatalities. Elsewhere the boycott has been more sporadic, but violence and disruption are common: food-throwing fights in the cafeteria, tumult in the corridors and the playgrounds, fear on the part of teachers and staff.

Liberal social engineering thus reaches a kind of climax in Boston, its ostensible aim being to "improve education for all." As might be expected, absurdities abound. The long-established Chinese enclave now sees its children sent off to Charlestown. Italian neighborhoods are soon to be brought into the great pupil shuttle.

The Untouchables

Indira Gandhi, eyes ablaze,
  Addressed her tennis team.
"Don't volley with South Africa;
  I can't stand their regime.
Apartheid is a sin," she said,
  As Hindus stood aghast.
Now there's a pretty how-de-do
  From folks who gave us "caste."

W. H. VON DREELE

Even local high school football teams are broken up, half the players disappearing into a bus. Outside the city limits, in Wellesley and Chestnut Hill and places like that, unaffected affluent liberals look on and experience moral gratification. All of this goes forward at enormous expense, is obviously destructive of education, and has exacerbated group tensions to a degree unprecedented in the history of the city.

Elsewhere in this issue [see "Fear and Loathing in Boston," p. 1228], David Brudnoy gives a penetrating account of the background of the situation, plus a virtual war correspondent's account of the present scene, but the essence of the matter is clear enough. Judicial fiat is taking the place of self-government, in Boston and elsewhere, and the assumptions on which this nation was founded are being stealthily repealed. Politicians both local and national, usually mouthing fashionable slogans, have mostly copped out and let the usurpation take place. Opinion in Boston opposes busing 13 to 1, as Mr. Brudnoy notes. Parents in South Boston and other neighborhoods now know that part of their constitutional inheritance as Americans has silently disappeared. The future of their communities has passed out of their control, because self-government has given way to abstract dogma in Boston.

What Price Elections?

The new legislation going through Congress limiting campaign financing and expenditures might, in a less money-conscious time, be rejected, but is now expected to be passed despite its obvious faults, two of which, at least, are tactical. By limiting, and presumably equalizing, the sums Republicans and Democrats spend, the law will give an advantage to Democratic presidential candidates, at a time when the Democrats are already close to obtaining a "veto-proof" Congress. That's George Meany's term, whose labor friends will still be able to channel unlimited funds through a loophole in the bill. Individuals are limited to an overall contribution of $25,000 to federal candidates. Although organizations, e.g., labor union political committees, are limited in the amount they can contribute to a single candidate,

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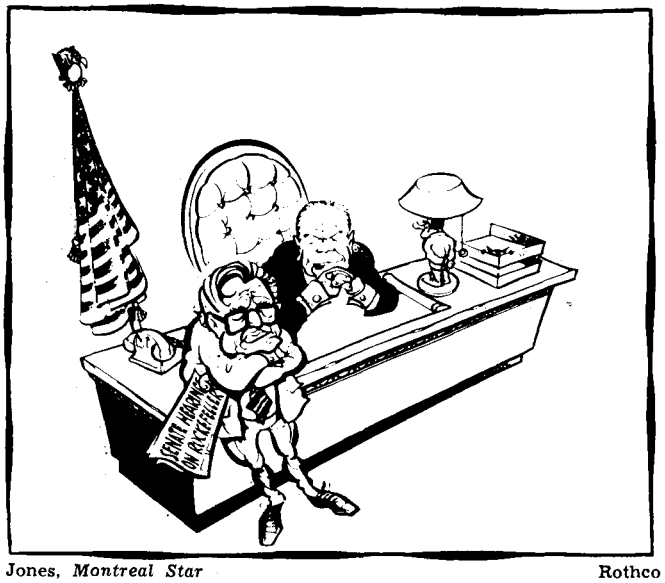

Jones, *Montreal Star* Rothco

"Relax, Rocky, your personal integrity and impeccable record are beyond question—and I can always pardon you . . ."

there is no limit on their total contributions to federal candidates. Union organizations could, therefore, set up a number of smaller organizations, each of which could then give the maximum contribution to many different candidates. Beneficiaries of the unions' avoidance of the law are likely to be Democrats.

Furthermore, because of the disclosure requirements, people are reluctant to contribute to challengers, whose chance of winning is smaller than incumbents, for fear of alienating or even incurring the wrath of the incumbents. Contributors see an inconsistency in having secret balloting while being required to disclose their financial support. Incumbents, of whom there are more Democrats than Republicans, are the beneficiaries, as they are of the current "reform" efforts which are expected to get the blessing, and the signature, of a Republican President.

The Textbook War

The Charleston, West Virginia school textbook uproar has now turned ugly—not Boston-ugly, but ugly enough, with strikes, vandalism, blocked school buses, and what-not. Nor is it clear to what extent the fundamentalist protestors embody the sentiments of the community. The issues, rather like those in the famous Scopes "monkey trial," are complex, but in judging them several points should be kept in mind.

1. Parents have the right, if not positively to determine the content of their children's education, at least, surely, to veto such content as they find egregiously offensive, and you don't have to be a fundamentalist to wish your child were reading Shakespeare instead of Eldridge Cleaver. The demands of professional educators, with their slogans of (absolute) academic freedom, represent what is at bottom an assault on parental as well as taxpayer authority.

2. Since the protestors found much of the school's reading material offensive to their religious faith, it is worth noting that the upshot of recent Supreme Court legislation has been to put religion on the defensive. It is nowadays safer to attack than to promote religion in the public schools, and the framers of the First Amendment surely didn't intend any such state of affairs.

3. The excesses of the protestors—e.g., calling their opponents "Communists"—partly reflect the sad fact that, as the late Willmoore Kendall put it, they no longer even know the words with which to talk back to the professionals. Their invective makes at least some sense if "Communist" is taken to mean any enemy of tradition and authority, one who applies the solvent of skeptical reason to sacred things.

4. To understand the protestors thus is not to excuse them. And though their right to their protest cannot be denied, their violence in expressing it must be suppressed as swiftly and firmly as should have been done at Attica. No society can afford to indulge the "right" of the aggrieved to destroy the public peace.

Politics and Sports

In this year's Davis Cup matches, India had reached the final round, and South Africa was playing Italy in a semifinal. As soon as South Africa clinched its spot in the final, India promptly defaulted, as a protest gesture against apartheid.

This is only the most recent example of the politicization of sports, the impulse coming invariably from the Left. It is commonplace, but nonetheless true, that the spirit of totalitarianism is characterized by the intrusion of the political into all realms of existence—sports, of course, but also art, religion, literature, the school curriculum, and so on. In its "protest gesture," India added its increment to the totalitarianization of modern life.

In the still free countries of the West, this impulse has been resisted with varying degrees of success. The crowds at Forest Hills last month who applauded the tennis exploits of Alex Metreveli and Olga Morozova, two

They Never Will Be Missed

Senator Javits and Senator Pell
Jetted to Cuba to rap with Fidel.
Javits was all for relieving the siege;
Pell's motivation was *noblesse oblige.*
Neither got uppity; neither looked bored.
Nobody asked where the missiles were stored.
Pell got a bear hug and Javits got kissed.
Both have been added to Kissinger's list.

W. H. VON DREELE

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immensely attractive competitors, did not view them as representatives of the Soviet government and its policies. The two athletes were looked upon as individual human beings. The millions of Americans who watched the Munich Olympics two years ago observed some rather questionable officiating on the part of Communist judges, including the theft of a basketball game between the Soviets and the U.S. No resentment attached, however, to Soviet star gymnast Olga Korbut when she subsequently toured America. She was respected as a great athlete, and the American public had a kind of love affair with her.

India's Davis Cup default was, of course, the epitome of hypocrisy—nothing new, since hypocrisy remains India's principal export. Though objecting to South Africa, India remains on cordial terms with the Soviet Union, laps up Soviet aid, and has no moral scruples about competing against Soviet athletes. In contrast to the Soviet Union, however, South Africa has an opposition press and opposition spokesmen in parliament. It allows citizens of any color to leave the country. The U.S. ambassador to New Delhi summed up the spirit of India nicely when he wrote that Mrs. Gandhi will develop a nuclear weapon delivery capacity while "preaching nonviolence all the way."

It is worth noting that international sports run on a professional basis have resisted politicization much more effectively than amateur sports. There may be only one remedy for amateur events like the Davis Cup and the Olympics, and that would be for national teams and individual athletes to decline to compete against those countries which, like India, extend totalitarian politics to sports.

Threat from Carey

Malcolm Wilson has spent two decades preparing to be governor of New York, and now that the chance is here there is some question whether he is ready—financially, at least. Democratic candidate Hugh Carey, his supply of post-Watergate candor having been exhausted by his primary fight, says the Republicans are prepared to spend a million dollars a week to elect Governor Wilson. Precisely what the Republicans are not is prepared—even to spend half that. And who, after all, is talking? Carey's records show that he spent $2.55 million in his primary fight, which is $450,000 more than the limit prescribed by the new campaign finance law. Carey's defense is that amounts spent before the law became effective, June 1, don't count.

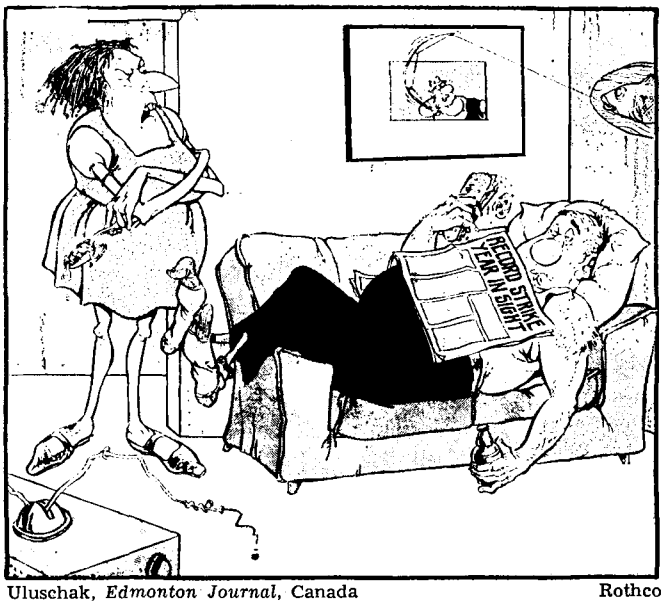
Carey raises as an issue the law practice Wilson maintained for the 15 years he was lieutenant governor—and then accuses the Governor of "trying to play politics [dirty politics?] with the sensitive issue of abortion." Carey refused to sign a petition to release from the House Judiciary Committee a constitutional amendment which would overturn the Supreme Court's decision on abortion. He is personally opposed to abortion but says that since the Supreme Court has spoken he will not attempt to impose his will on the state—a statement filled with the fudge he accuses Wilson of spreading around. As unions fall into line behind Carey—even the *New York Times* was apprehensive about how Carey would "pay" for the AFL-CIO endorsement—Governor Wilson and Republicans throughout the state may begin to realize the serious possibility of a Carey victory.

Carey is an attractive candidate, has 12 children (two died in an automobile accident a few years ago), is on the House Ways and Means Committee—which is like being a congressional Eagle Scout—and has an oil magnate brother who enjoys financing his campaigns. If he wins this one he will be a figure to contend with for years to come.

V. K. Krishna Menon, R I P

In 1929, on a visit to India, Krishna Menon decided that Jawaharlal Nehru would someday be prime minister, and decided to attach himself to Nehru—rather in the way that certain smaller species of fish attach themselves to sharks—and by 1938 the symbiosis was complete. The career of Menon henceforth rose with that of the larger figure. Menon, graduate of the London School of Economics, and until then an obscure pamphleteer and nibbler at the edges of British left wing society, thus began his ascent to international notoriety.

In a rather similar fashion, he attached himself to the Communist Party, pursuing a parallel course on virtually all matters, without (so far as one knows) ever becoming actually a part of the larger body. Thus, he endorsed Indian cooperation with "imperialist" Britain—but only after Hitler's invasion brought the Soviets into the war. The moral nadir of his UN career after the war



Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal*, Canada Rothco

"Why can't you find a job to go on strike from like other husbands?"

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came with his vote condoning the Soviet invasion of Hungary, though this was only consistent with the pro-Soviet line he consistently took.

During his years in New York, he was a familiar public figure, and, to many, a uniquely repellent one: a swarthy, manicured Uriah Heep in Savile Row suits.

Named Defense Minister by Nehru, Menon disastrously misjudged Chinese capabilities and intentions, and when the Indian forces were ignominiously defeated in 1962, Nehru abruptly detached himself from the parasite fish. Menon faded into relative obscurity; then, with the death of Nehru, total obscurity. He was 77 when he died.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I believe that the phrase *universal disbelief, television cameras and Dan Rather* in the editorial on page 1085 of the September 27 issue of *NR* is in violation of the second paragraph of your memo on commas dated 12/18/72, and published in "Notes and Asides" on page 197 of the 2/16/73 issue. You designate this crime as a *capital offense*. However, in keeping with the times, I am sure that executive clemency would be appropriate.

Sincerely,
John W. N. Hickey
Rockville, Md.

In my capacity as editor-in-chief, I have granted full and unconditional pardon for that offense, on the grounds that by doing so, I am acting in the best interests of NATIONAL REVIEW. If it should happen again, impeachment proceedings will be instituted. —WFB

■ MEMO TO: WFB
FROM: Linda

Readers are beginning to write in asking what is the connection between the cover and the contents of *NR*. What shall I tell them?

MEMO TO: Linda
FROM: WFB

Tell them that the connection is there, though it is sometimes elusive; and calls, to be sure, for a little cosmopolitan experience. In the last cover, as of course you know, dear Linda, the Chinese characters on either side of the picture of the nude lady say: *"Just as it is an unusual thing for a man to reach the age of 70, so it is unusual for a woman to have a perfectly shaped breast."* Now: that picture abutted one of Mao Tse-tung smiling, together with Richard Nixon. Mao Tse-tung, as you know, is not considered, in China, to be a mere man. He is more than a man. More in the divine sense, and more also in the sexual sense. You might say that he is an *androgynous god*. But you will have noticed that none of the portraits of Mao stresses his perfectly shaped breasts, quite possibly because he doesn't *have* perfectly shaped breasts. There he is in the picture, next to a smiling Nixon. But Nixon's smile, you will notice if you look at it carefully, is forced: like a lover's smile, after an unsuccessful wedding night. *That* takes you to the metaphor used in the lead story: "The Honeymoon That Wasn't," and back to the Chinese legend: that just as it is unusual for a man to reach the age of 70, so it is unusual for a Chinese leader *with imperfectly shaped breasts* to have a successful honeymoon with the President of the United States. . . . The issue before, featuring the (clothed) backside of Gloria Steinem, would appear to speak for itself, as witness that the two lead articles were "The Market for Ideas" and "Inflation: The German Experience." Gloria Steinem is widely identified as the principal historian of the German inflation that led to the market for ideas.

We are, by the way, very proud of our photographer, Mr. Jan Lukas. He was born in Prague, in 1915, and resisted first the Nazis, then the Communists. Notwithstanding the harassments and the prison camps, his reputation grew, and over the course of a decade, he published 17 collections of his superb pictures. In 1965, he decided he could no longer live in a totalitarian country, and lives now in New York, freelancing, hard at work on several collections. A critic, in a monograph on Lukas, has written:

"Rather than just carrying a roll of film in his camera, Lukas takes with him the eyes of those he would like to have around him. When holding up his camera he reminds you of a man holding up a small child to see something it cannot see when standing on the ground, something valuable and joyful on the variable stage of the present day world, something that is here now and will never return again."

■ MEMO TO: Bill
FROM: Priscilla

Early in September, we received, from Michael S. Kelly, who has not written for us before, an excellent manuscript on the Apollo-Soyuz Test Project. Last week I went to look up his address so that I could tell him we would be using it in this issue. There was no address on the check-in card; no address on his covering letter; no address on the manuscript itself. *Donc, que faire?* There was very possibly an address on the envelope, but envelopes are easy to lose. Could you please remind prospective writers always to put their address on the manuscript itself, where even we would find it difficult to lose. Meanwhile, we owe Mr. Kelly a few dollars, if he will please identify himself.

—WFB

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Free, Vital

PERHAPS AN economic crisis is beginning. If so, Republicans running for office in 1976 may look back on 1974 as a relatively good year. For now, some Republicans are already soothing themselves in anticipation of the unhappiness sure to come on November 5. They are saying that a wholesale slaughter of Republicans this year might not be an unmixed curse because the electoral pendulum has a way of swinging back two years after a debacle. For example, in 1964 a lot of Republican candidates drowned in the anti-Goldwater tide, but in 1966 the electorate made amends by serving up a good Republican year. But such talk is just political whistling by the graveyard. There are some freshly dug graves in that yard waiting for occupants, and it is instructive to look at two candidates for burial there.

Peter Dominick, the senior senator from Colorado, is seeking a third term. With his silver hair and his manner of a well born and gently reared patrician, he looks like a senator. But he looks like a tired senator. He had a heart attack a few years ago, and recently was hospitalized for treatment of an ailing back. Before Nixon resigned, Dominick was resigned—if that is the right word—to the necessity of doing little or no campaigning this fall. He had found that when he talked to the folks back home in colorful Colorado, all they wanted to do was pepper him with colorful questions and remarks about Watergate. So Dominick decided —rather more eagerly than he let on, I think—that he should stay off the stump to preserve his standing as an uncommitted "juror" in the forthcoming Senate impeachment trial. By late July Dominick seemed strangely content about the forthcoming trial's forcing him to spare himself the rigors of a campaign.

Unfortunately for Dominick, his opponent, Gary Hart, does not lack energy. Hart was national campaign manager for George McGovern in 1971-72 and it would be fun to dismiss him as the architect of the McGovern sweep of Massachusetts and the District of Columbia. But Hart has Dominick on the defensive. As chairman of the Republican Senate Campaign Committee a few years ago, Dominick, not surprisingly, dealt—as everyone once dealt —with the generous milk lobby; and Hart, even before he won the Democratic nomination in a rugged three-way primary, was hammering away at the alleged impropriety. Dominick has repeatedly and convincingly denied wrongdoing, but the important point is that he has had to waste much time and energy denying things. Dominick is an honest man, but you do not inspire campaign volunteers by asserting, however truthfully, that you are not a crook.

Dominick has fewer volunteers than he would need in a normal year, against a normal opponent, and this is not a normal year for Republicans; and Hart has an abnormal skill at marshaling and deploying volunteers: he was the real architect of the McGovern volunteer movement that blew the other 1972 Democratic presidential candidates out of the primaries. Even before he won Colorado's September primary, Hart was using a poster featuring a big picture of Nixon and Dominick, grinning, with their hands clasped together, aloft. Unfair? Sure—sort of. But Dominick is an easy victim of guilt by association because he never seriously tried to dissociate himself from Nixon. Oh, last winter he gave a speech in Denver saying that Nixon should be forthcoming, etc., and he felt very proud and brave for having said that. But that was the extent of his public display of independence.

Public independence is not a Republican forte. Because he had doubts about Spiro Agnew's capabilities, Dominick actually got himself admitted to the Oval Office before the 1972 Republican Convention. Once inside, he urged Nixon to drop Agnew from the ticket. Nixon jumped straight up out of his chair; Dominick, his duty done, went straight back to Capitol Hill. And he never uttered a public syllable about his doubts concerning Agnew's fitness.

Next door to Colorado, Kansas' senior senator, Robert Dole, is behind in his fight for a second term. He is losing to Congressman William Roy, who got the Democratic nomination when a Kansas scandal tarnished a state Democrat who, untarnished, would have been an even tougher opponent than Roy has become.

Dole entered the Senate when Nixon entered the White House and his fierce support for Nixon's policies caused Nixon to name him Republican National Chairman in 1971, a post he held during the 1972 election. Having prospered as a Nixon man, he suffered when it became clear that it was no longer a good thing to be a Nixon man. But he suffered in silence. Oh, in private he was witty, acerbic, independent, candid about Nixon and his men. But the thing about private remarks is that they do not seep out to the electorate. So, one member of the Kansas electorate, speaking for many, now says: "Dole is honest, I guess, but he's a Nixon man and people don't believe him any more." One of Roy's campaign lines is that a vote against Dole "is the closest thing to voting against Nixon that any of us will have the opportunity to do." This is sleazy stuff and Dole, who thinks this is unfair, has a point—up to a point. Roy is being tricky with Dole's record regarding Nixon, but Dole's response to Watergate—public silence, private candor—was a bit tricky.

REPUBLICANS in Colorado and Kansas and elsewhere are dispirited and they need a reason to support their Party's candidates. In Vermont, in his first political speech since becoming President, Gerald Ford took a stab at giving them a reason. He urged Vermonters to vote Republican to save the two-party system: "We need two strong parties—free, vital, and broad enough to take under their wings a wide spectrum of opinion—to serve as the twin pillars of democracy." In other words, Mr. Ford says people should vote Republican because if one of the major parties is decimated, only one part will be left undecimated. And free, vital, etc. □

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The Alternatives To Democracy

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

MOST AMERICANS think of governments as divided into two main types: democracy and dictatorship. Democracy—our type—is good and dictatorship is bad. Our prevailing (that is, liberal) ideology rates right wing dictatorships as worse than left wing dictatorships, but even those who might reverse that order agree that democracy, as a form of government, is better than dictatorship.

Because of its link with the moral judgment, this bipolar classification of forms of government has important political consequences. The feeling that democracy is better than dictatorship nourishes a presumption that our own (democratic) government will find its natural friends and allies among the other democracies and should beware of dictatorships, especially right wing dictatorships. Many of us go a significant step further and discover a moral imperative not merely to disapprove but to oppose dictatorships, especially right wing dictatorships, and to take action to weaken and, we hope, end them. Some of us would limit the antidictatorship program to negative discriminations —diplomatic and commercial coldness, prohibition of military sales, etc.—while others would add more positive intervention along the lines of what are called "dirty tricks" when practiced against a left wing government.

From Plato on, there have been many different ways in which political philosophers have classified the forms of government. Using the "democracy-dictatorship" dichotomy as the basis of a systematic classification is logically permissible. However, with Brian Crozier, the British journalist and historian, now Director of the Institute for the Study of Conflict, I think it more relevant to our present situation, and more useful, to start from a triple instead of a dual primary distinction. In his latest book, *A Theory of Conflict* (just published in Britain and scheduled for publication here this winter), Crozier writes: "I conclude that in our time, the alternatives to [democratic] pluralism are the authoritarian way and the totalist." (He uses "totalist" as a less cumbrous substitute for "totalitarian," a term that Mussolini adopted from the Italian idealist philosopher Giovanni Gentile.)

Among the three types of government defined as primary under Crozier's classification, there are of course wide variations in subtypes, and some overlapping. But the main lines of division are fairly clear.

Drawing the Boundaries

Democratic nations, within a range that varies from nation to nation, are politically, culturally, and intellectually pluralist, and have some sort of representative political institution (parliament, assembly, congress) chosen by popular vote through an electoral process to which opponents of the incumbent administration have access.

Both authoritarian and totalist governments are dictatorships, and in both the ruling cadre exercises a political monopoly—though in some authoritarian regimes the political monopoly has loopholes. The distinctive feature of a totalist regime is the integration of all aspects of life—economic, cultural, social, even personal—into the single power system. Under an authoritarian government, at least some aspects—and under some authoritarian governments, most aspects other than political —are exempt, or partially exempt. "Authoritarian governments," Crozier sums up, "seek to abolish politics; totalist governments seek to involve the entire population in politics." Thus, although political freedom is destroyed under an authoritarian regime, other freedoms—economic, intellectual, scientific, religious freedoms, the freedom to travel and to emigrate—are present in one or another mixture and degree.

This tripartite division is more relevant and useful right now because it gives top logical ranking to the distinction between authoritarian and totalist rule that is obscured when both are lumped under "dictatorship," and that may be decisive in practice during the next decade or two. By the evidence of the two generations since the war to make the world safe for democracy, the democratic form of government is a sport—a parochial feature of advanced Western civilization. In most of the world the actual issue is not whether democracy is going to win out over dictatorship—it has already lost—but whether authoritarian regimes, in their varying degrees of despotism, are going to be swallowed up by totalism.

In the case of the Western nations also, "democracy-dictatorship" is not an adequate distinction for the analysis of the actual situation. The political issue in Chile, once the Allende regime got going, was never democracy *v.* dictatorship, but a right wing authoritarian regime *v.* the totalist regime to which victory of the Left under the existing conditions in Chile must have led. Similarly, the overthrow of the Caetano regime in Portugal did not pose the issue of democracy *v.* dictatorship for that unfortunate country. The euphoric weeks after the April coup, as is now apparent, were only a charming intermezzo. The issue for Portugal as for Chile is between totalism brought by a Communist-dominated Left or an authoritarian government of one sort or another.

No More Islands

These questions are now arising with respect not merely to outlying and minor nations of the West but to the Heartland. The idea that democratic government may collapse in the advanced nations of Western Europe is no longer fantasy. In Italy and Britain the possibility is a topic of public debate. Even in France, many citizens saw the government's helplessness in the face of a mutiny—let us call it by its right name—as a grim writing on the wall. If the national crises, which are related to each other and to more general crisis, intensify to the explosion point, the alternatives in those countries, as in Chile and Portugal, will no longer be, simply, democracy *v.* dictatorship, but, rather, what sort of dictatorship: totalist, with the destruction of the social fabric of what the West means by civilization, or authoritarianism; and if authoritarianism, what variety, in what measure limited, with what admixture of brutality and terror. And if in those countries can the rest be far behind? □

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MARKET STRATEGY

Where Can You Hide Your Money?

NEAL B. FREEMAN

THOMAS J. HOLT, now 45, was born in Hong Kong and raised in Shanghai. He lived through the Japanese occupation and, at least as impressionably, through a devastating inflation: as a young man he took his tuition to school in huge bundles of wasting paper currency. Arriving in this country in 1947, he completed his education, began a career on Wall Street, and, in 1967, founded his own investment counseling firm.

A prescription for disaster, you say? Not exactly. Since May 1967 his more than 200 recommendations to clients have shown an average annualized gain, exclusive of dividends and interests, of 17.5 per cent per year. While this record may have been equaled or surpassed by other investment advisors, it puts Holt well ahead of the pack, the leading averages, and even double-digit inflation. His business has thrived.

Almost as refreshing as his track record, Holt's analysis has been well researched and well argued. He takes (and deserves) primary credit for the use of flow-of-funds analysis to study both the general economy and the securities markets. His fundamental contention, which informs all of his work, is that the flow of money and credit governs the supply and demand relationship of all goods and services, including stocks, bonds, and even oil. In Holt's view, neither industrial giants nor central banks nor international cartels can arbitrarily fix the price of anything over the long haul.

Beginning in September 1971, just two weeks after Nixon's announcement of the New Economic Policy, Holt ran off a series of short sales. An instinctive disbeliever in economic controls, he hit Disney, then Avon, Singer, Burroughs, and others. At the same time he began shaping the rest of his bear market strategy. Gold stocks. Warrant hedges. A few high-potential speculations. All told, a remarkable performance, especially when considered against the backdrop of unrelieved bullishness from thundering herds in Washington and Wall Street. Now, of a sudden, Holt has turned moderately bullish himself. While his economic forecast is as gloomy as ever, he perceives new opportunities for investors. (As with most professionals, Holt seems to care little whether markets are rising or falling; where there is motion, there is action.) He continues to plug gold stocks, most of them South African, but he has covered his shorts and is even pushing a few underpriced common equities. He anticipates a short but sweet bear market rally in the period immediately ahead.

It goes without saying, but shouldn't, that Holt can be as wrong about the next few years as he was right about the last few. It is given to few men to be right all of the time (other than Anthony Lewis, who is there really?). But the fact that Holt has been right before shouldn't be held against him, either. I put a few questions to him.

Freeman: To help me frame this discussion, please give your thumbnail description of the current and short term picture for the economy.

Holt: The economy is at a point where the free market, reacting to the recent accelerated inflation, is rapidly generating deflationary forces. The prime cause of two-digit inflation—an excessive increase in both public and private debts—has in the past year brought on an acute shortage of long term capital. That shortage, in turn, has resulted in financial dislocations and has induced major cutbacks in capital investments by many industries. Coming at a time when the economy is exceptionally illiquid, these developments will gradually lead to credit contraction, deflation, and depression.

Freeman: Well, that's clear enough.

Holt: The approaching transition from rampant inflation to deflation will, of course, be initially reflected in declining inflation and short term interest rates. To many, it will appear as though the economy is regaining stability. They will be misled into a false sense of security; stock prices may even soar, for a change. But by mid-1975, I believe, the deflationary pressure now building up will be quite widely felt.

Freeman: You have found yourself in almost constant disagreement with the "best minds" of the investment community—Morgan Guaranty, Merrill Lynch, and so on. To what do you attribute their failure to perceive reality—and to react accordingly?

Holt: In all fairness, probably not all the "best minds" have failed to perceive reality. A small group of Wall Street experts foresaw the approaching economic and market problems. More likely than not, the desire to "stay in the club" precluded them from making their views known. The fact is, banking and investment firms have no profit incentive to present their views honestly. Banks are in business to make new loans and brokerage firms to earn commissions. Taking a nonbullish stance, even if it reflects their best judgment, would not be in their best interest.

As to the failure of the great majority of the "best

Mr. Freeman is editor of King Features.

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minds," I attribute it to a combination of ignorance and arrogance: ignorance, because they really believe that the government can manage the economy and manipulate the money, gold, and securities markets; arrogance, because they refuse to acknowledge that developments outside their preconceived, rose-colored economic scenario can ever take place.

Freeman: Is there a Catch 22 here? That success on Wall Street—institutional success, at any rate—breeds its own failure?

Holt: Decidedly so. It's no secret now that the trust departments of big banks created superior investment performances in the early Seventies by zeroing the funds they controlled into a select group of stocks. Impressed by those records, gullible institutions rushed to these banks and turned more money over to them than the money managers could prudently invest. So the banks funneled the new funds into the same big-name stocks, making them increasingly overpriced.

And this is where free market forces came in. Responding to the exorbitant price/earnings ratios accorded the glamors, the general public—the silent majority—started to unload. Because private investors own far more shares than the institutions can possibly buy, those stocks just collapsed.

Actually, this story of Wall Street failure is still only half told. Even now, the portfolios that banks manage carry large positions in the sacred cow stocks. There's no way these holdings can be liquidated without driving their prices even lower. To avoid clients' demand for immediate liquidation, the banks are effectively locked into a bullish or, at best, noncommittal position. They can thus hardly help their clients prepare for the coming economic contraction.

Freeman: All of us like to think of ourselves as independent thinkers, yet, even in the cynical view, one must know whom to disbelieve—the Fed, Wilbur Mills, the *New York Times*, all of the above. How do you sift your information, separating the interesting from the believable?

Holt: I take the position that statements made by government officials, politicians, and labor and business spokesmen are all self-serving and are, therefore, unbelievable to some extent. On the other hand, the data and facts coming from these sources are by and large reliable. To willfully present inaccurate information would constitute an act of fraud. What I do, therefore, is pay little attention to the opinions expressed, but use my own judgment to interpret the facts presented.

Freeman: What are your primary sources of information —and how would they differ from those of the "best minds"?

Holt: The bulk of our economic data comes from such official sources as the International Monetary Fund, the Federal Reserve Board, the Treasury, Commerce, and Labor Departments, the Securities and Exchange Commission, etc. We also get information from trade organizations and, of course, from the financial press. These sources are not really different from those of the "best minds."

Freeman: One of your consistent themes has been the recommendation of gold mining shares. They have taken a pounding in recent weeks. Has your enthusiasm survived?

Holt: Actually, we had expected the general bear market to drag the gold stocks down when it reached the panic-selling stage. The steepness of the recent collapse was a surprise to me, though. Early this year, many uninformed traders bought gold stocks heavily on margin. Since the terminal stage of every major downward move is almost always characterized by heavy involuntary liquidation of margin accounts, a shakeout of those traders was inevitable.

Liberal politicians have always been quick to promise government help with someone else's money

Flow of money and credit governs the supply and demand relationship of all goods and services, including stocks, bonds, and even oil

That shakeout was aggravated, however, by rumors suggesting that central banks would soon sell their gold holdings in the open market. Those rumors, of course, were totally devoid of logic. Common sense suggests that at present central banks have a vested interest in having the gold price go up, not down. Recently, Italy used its gold to collateralize a $2-billion loan from West Germany. For valuation purposes, West Germany was willing to accept a $120 an ounce price for the gold. I think it's safe to assume that the $120 level now represents an official floor for the gold price.

Meanwhile, gold is still undervalued relative either to other commodities or to the outstanding money supply worldwide. Even allowing for a decline in commodity prices and a contraction in the world money supply during the coming depression, I still foresee an eventual gold price of over two hundred dollars.

Freeman: I often wonder when I read recommendations for exotic securities—how much research is involved? Take your deposit receipts for the President Steyn mining operation, for instance. Have you ever been to their mine in South Africa, have you ever talked to their management?

Holt: No, we have not visited the South African mines nor talked directly to their managements. But then, we seldom visit the plants and talk to the managements of all the American companies that we recommend. And as you know, we are willing to match our performance against the record of the plant-visiting, management-interviewing analysts any time. Managements, of course, tell you only what they want you to know. And not being production experts, security analysts sometimes can't really tell the difference between obsolete and modern equipment, or even between exhausted copper mines and rich gold mines.

I think we can learn a whole lot more about public companies by analyzing their financial and operating statistics. Mining companies in South Africa are required to disclose detailed information about their operations. As a matter of fact, the data they release are far more informative than

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You suspect that President Ford will begin to fight inflation just as the real problem becomes deflation, thus aggravating the general economic problem

those available from U.S. companies. The same is not true, I'm afraid, of most other foreign countries. That's why we have generally avoided recommending other exotic securities. Incidentally, we regularly consult competent experts regarding South Africa's political and economic prospects.

Freeman: For the first time in a couple of generations, Americans will be permitted to own gold in 1975. What effect will this have? Some say that interest in gold mining stocks will wane, now that investors can own the real thing. Others look for a flurry of curiosity sales, followed by apathy. What do you see?

Holt: Assuming that the great majority of U.S. citizens are law-abiding and have not, therefore, bought gold surreptitiously, I fully expect the price of gold to increase. After all, a new demand factor will emerge after January 1, but the supply picture will remain unchanged. It is altogether possible, however, that before 1975 begins, anticipatory buying by foreign speculators will first drive the gold price upward. In that case, of course, initial demand from Americans might well be fully offset by the liquidation of speculative holdings. I won't be surprised, therefore, if the free market moves up in the final months of this year, then turns down immediately after year end, and finally trends upward again.

Freeman: Why is it that gold stocks—an adventurous investment vehicle, to say the least—have been until recently the exclusive enthusiasm of "conservative" investment counselors? I think of you and Dines and Powell and Harry Browne . . .

Holt: I suppose that's because conservatives are more aware of the danger inherent in the liberal fiscal and monetary policies followed by all major non-Communist nations in recent years. For example, we simply cannot see how new purchasing power can be artificially created via the creation of new public and private debts. Without compensating increases in the output of goods and services, the unit purchasing power of the swollen volume of fiat money must shrink. This is how the free market works. Once the inflation process becomes conspicuous, an increasing number of people search for a safe store of value. Throughout the history of mankind, gold has always been recognized as such a medium.

Freeman: Let me turn the question around and ask you, was it some aspect of liberal ideology that led the establishment firms down the road to collapse in the late Sixties and early Seventies?

Holt: I certainly think so. These firms were so convinced that government planners were able to eliminate recessions, let alone depressions, that they took for granted everlasting growth in their expansion plans. Now, they are paying for their overconfidence.

Freeman: If I read you correctly, you suspect that President Ford will begin to fight inflation just as the real problem becomes deflation, thus aggravating the general economic problem. Is that a fair reading of your views?

Holt: Yes. As I discussed, while inflation is still going strong on the surface, the real economic problem that will emerge later this year and become truly troublesome in 1975 will be rapid deflation.

Freeman: Is this pattern peculiarly Ford's? Or Republican? Or American? Or bureaucratic? Or what?

Holt: The pattern is not at all Ford's or the Republicans', although they will probably be blamed for the coming depression. The real problem stems from our political system, which encourages politicians to solve problems with short term expediencies or with vote-getting remedies. Currently, the U.S. public is very upset with inflation. Politicians are, therefore, responding by fighting, or seemingly fighting, inflation. Besides, as the recent summit conference revealed, very few in Washington—Republicans or Democrats, economists or politicians—actually realize what is the real cause of inflation. So, very few even consider deflation to be a remote possibility.

Freeman: Let's stare into the apocalypse for a minute. What will the brokerage business look like two years from now?

Holt: Trading volume will probably be even lower than it has been in recent months. With institutional portfolios bulging with paper losses, professional money managers can no longer afford to churn the accounts they control, as they used to. But I fully expect the brokerage business, per se, to survive. There will be far fewer firms, but these surviving ones will be far more efficiently run.

Freeman: How about the banking business two years from now?

Holt: Inasmuch as the Federal Reserve Board is willing to bail out such a mismanaged and overaggressive bank as the Franklin National, it now appears reasonable to assume that most major banks will survive the coming depression. Having teetered at the brink, however, most banks will turn more conservative in their loan policies and I see a return to prudent banking practices. At the same time, they will probably be less involved with equity investments, if only because they will be busy defending themselves against mismanagement suits.

The fact is, banking and investment firms have no profit incentive to present their views honestly. Banks are in business to make new loans and brokerage firms to earn commissions

Freeman: If you are right in forecasting an oncoming depression, what changes should we look for in our political forms?

Holt: I'm afraid the country will probably swing to the far left. Liberal politicians have always been quick to promise government help with someone else's money. With the nation in a depression, their promises will probably be well received by the public. □

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PORTUGAL

April Was the Cruelest Month

PETER P. WITONSKI

With the resignation of President Antonio de Spínola the first phase of Portugal's revolution has come to a bitter and disappointing end. Portugal today is less free, less prosperous, and less happy than at any time since the early days of Salazar. What looked like the dawning of a new day now seems like nothing more than the first rumblings of a Communist takeover. "We have witnessed nothing more than a change of impostors," the Social Democratic historian Armando Cortesão told me. "Portugal remains unfree."

Hardly a building in the country has escaped the diligence of the Communist Party's graffitists and poster plasterers. The smiling visage of Salvador Allende, patron saint of the Portuguese Left, peers down from every building in Lisbon, surrounded by slogans declaring "Death to Fascists." With the exception of the Socialist weekly, *Expresso*, the press is totally under the Party's control or influence. The few attempts to start non-Communist weeklies have been thwarted by the laws against fascism. Papers that refuse to follow the Party line are either suspended and fined, or banned outright.

It was in this climate of stultifying Communist censorship and control that General Spínola tried to rally the forces of anti-Communism to his side—probably several months too late. Nothing in Spínola's previous training prepared him for the role he assumed after the coup. The young Marxist officers who now control the ruling Armed Forces Movement needed his prestige as a patriot and military leader while they dismantled the last vestiges of the old Salazarist system. They tried to depict him as *un Robespierre à cheval*, and, for all his anti-Communism, he went along with them. He welcomed the Communist leader Alvaro Cunhal back from Moscow; he legalized the Portuguese Communist Party; he cooperated in the persecution of the leading anti-Communist generals in the Portuguese army; he publicly read most of the revolutionary speeches which the young officers presented him. By the time he realized that he had gone too far, the Left had consolidated its power.

As I reported in *NR* at the time of the coup, the General was never anything more than a figurehead. His *Portugal and the Future*, which supposedly sparked the coup, had been inspired by Marcello Caetano. When the Left took the book up nobody was more surprised than Spínola, who insisted it was nothing more than an anti-Communist tract, which in fact it was.

He was equally unprepared for the coup itself. Indeed, when the first shots were fired in the early morning hours of April 25, he was sound asleep in his villa outside Lisbon. When the young majors and colonels contacted him later in the day, giving him their presidential mandate, he willingly accepted, with the blessing of Caetano. He undoubtedly believed, along with Caetano and most Portuguese conservatives, that his very presence in the new government would be sufficient for him to transform his meager ceremonial role into one of real power and substance. He fancied himself as the Portuguese de Gaulle, as the man who would modernize and democratize his backward country.

From the beginning all his moves in the direction of democracy and greater liberty were thwarted by his Marxist colleagues. His plans for self-determination in Africa and early elections in Portugal were rejected as being counter-revolutionary; his closest advisors were sacked and, in several cases, arrested as "fascists"; his economic reforms were put aside as being too capitalistic. We can only conclude that he persisted in office out of a combination of political obtuseness and arrogance.

The government's main response to Spínola's departure was a massive act of repression against moderate and conservative leaders. Retired General Kaulza de Arriaga, the former commander of the Portuguese Army in Mozambique, and one of the most popular soldiers in Portugal, was arrested, along with former Foreign Minister Franco Nogueira. General Venancio Deslandes, the former chief of staff of the Armed Services, who had been working to unite the various conservative and centrist parties for some months, was also arrested, along with more than 200 others. After all this the Socialist Foreign Minister, Mario Soares, had the temerity to declare that Portugal is still a "pluralistic democracy."

At this point, the Right, which had remained relatively silent since April 25, began to move. It has been deprived of its best known leaders, but not necessarily its best leaders. The mass arrest of conservative and centrist leaders has forced the anti-Communists, who have spent the past months arguing over principles, to unite for a common struggle, and to fall back on younger and, in some cases, more ruthless leaders. The Portuguese are now preparing themselves for a period of violence, which may lead to either a second coup or a civil war.

The events in Portugal have already had a powerful effect upon the rest of the world. It was Portugal's unique geographical position that made it possible for this tiny country to build a vast empire and become a world power during the Renaissance; and Portugal's location remains as important today as it was during the age of discovery. Were Portgual to fall into the hands of the Russians, the defense of the North Atlantic and of Europe would be endangered. Already, as a result of the independence of Mozambique, the future of Rhodesia has become more precarious than it has ever been before, and the once secure Republic of South Africa has become far less secure.

But the geopolitical significance of April 25 is not what concerns the Portuguese themselves. As Armando Cortesão has sadly declared, "We did not fight Salazar in order to get Cunhal." Cortesão is now 84, and the inner strength that gave him the courage to oppose fascism for fifty years remains. It is born of that uniquely Portuguese bravery and sense of adventure, a quality that the Communists will find as difficult to tame as Salazar did. □

Mr. Witonski is a professor of medieval history.

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THE BELFAST MENTALITY

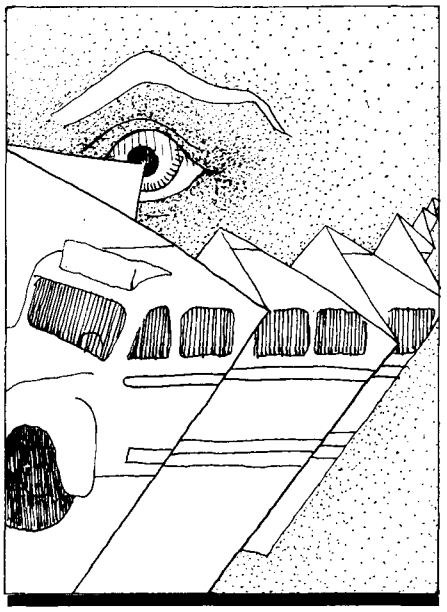
The author tells what is really happening in Boston and how it might have been avoided. There are lessons here, especially for government tinkerers, who still today favor busing and think the world is flat

Fear and Loathing in Boston

DAVID BRUDNOY

THE FIRST DAY of busing: only ten of 525 whites assigned to Roxbury High, the black school, showed up; and buses carrying 56 Negro kids (500 had been expected) from Roxbury to South Boston High were stoned. Policemen suffered injuries, adults and kids threw bottles at Negro children, whites set off a chant of "Die, Niggers, Die!" Six white teenage boys were in custody, apprehended for disorderly conduct, assault and battery, resisting arrest. Thomas Atkins—head of Boston's NAACP, who had worked his way through graduate school at Harvard by serving as a Boston city councilor, failed in a mayoral race, and then won appointment to Republican Governor Francis Sargent's cabinet—warned on September 7 of legal action against any official who failed to enforce school attendance laws and any parent who kept his kid out of school. That first day of busing, September 12, Atkins urged *Negro* parents to keep *their* kids out of school in Southie because of violence. The irony was lost on the Boston media; at least they didn't note Atkins' turnabout. The next day, the morning after a day of violence unparalleled in modern Boston history, a day of hatred against outsiders not witnessed here in decades, the *Boston Globe* flashed its front page headline: "Boston Schools Desegregate, Opening Day Generally Peaceful."

It's been that sort of month: massive fear, loathing, hysteria, bitter and vengeful frustration, an experience worse even than foreseen, coupled with



an effort to accentuate the affirmative and minimize the negative, to salvage even at the price of distorted media coverage some value from a gruesome experience, to make a social plus of a tactic opposed by 13 out of 14 Bostonians, as registered in a nonbinding referendum in June. Busing came to Boston as the gift of one man, U.S. District Judge W. Arthur Garrity Jr., who, from his redoubt in the white suburb of Wellesley, has (I quote my colleague at *Boston Magazine*, Michael Ryan, writing in the *Boston Phoenix*) "waved his degree in social engineering from the Harvard Law School like a magic wand over the populace."

When law 'n' order in the form of hundreds of cops came to South Boston, to protect the bused-in students and forbid gatherings by whites, this community, so boastful of its law-abiding tradition, so insulated from the contemporary social advances and perversions alike, screamed bloody murder. "Southie Is My Home Town," they sing, and "town" is what they call this district, cut off from the rest of Boston by railroad tracks, bridges, dead spaces, sticking out into Boston Harbor like a pimple on Boston's cheek. Southie is home to former House Speaker John McCormack and to Louise Day Hicks; Southie is one of the most fiercely proud Irish-American communities in this country.

SOUTHIE IS proudest of its high school, 4 per cent of whose graduates go on to college, and of them a quarter to completion of a four-year curriculum. The shared experience of Southie's people is Southie High. Now Southie High has been merged into a regional school—separated by a few miles and a culture chasm—with Roxbury (formerly Girls) High School; it is the busing to and from these places, of all older students except graduating seniors, that has provided the major trouble this fall.

Busing came to Boston in a day—and took nine years to do so. In 1965, Massachusetts passed its landmark Racial Imbalance Act requiring that no school in the Commonwealth contain more than 50 per cent minority students. For nine years Boston and Springfield school authorities pretended the law didn't exist. The Boston School Committee built several new schools; all erected within, rather than on, the frontiers of racially discrete areas, thus ensuring that the composition of those schools would remain uniracial. While voluntary busing was initiated from Negro neighborhoods (in token numbers) into certain of the tonier suburbs—an exotic a day keeps white guilt at bay—nothing official happened.

Mr. Brudnoy, an American historian, is also a television commentator on the CBS morning news and Boston's WNAC and WGBH.

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The Boston School Committee is elected citywide, has never contained a Negro, and has invariably been controlled by whites from the Irish Catholic neighborhoods, who use it as a launching pad for political careers. Former School Committee Chairman Thomas Eisenstadt went on to win election as sheriff of Suffolk County; former School Committee Chairman Louise Hicks first tried for, but lost, the mayoralty, then went to the City Council, then to Congress, then made another botched attempt at the mayoralty, then lost her seat in Congress, and has now returned again to the City Council where she continues her fight against busing—six races in as many years. Current School Committee Chairman John Kerrigan, one of the most detested and also one of the most admired men in town, lost a primary race last month for district attorney but could remain on the School Committee as long as the School Committee lasts, though he has pulled his children out of the public schools rather than give in to busing. In November Boston will face a ballot item providing either for retention of the present system, or for abolition of the School Committee, with school affairs then transferred to the mayor's hands.

KEVIN WHITE beat Mrs. Hicks in 1967 and again in 1971, each time declaring his opposition to busing, albeit less stridently than Mrs. Hicks. The mayor of Boston must of course live in Boston, but his children don't have to attend public schools; Mayor White's kids don't. Mrs. Hicks's kids did. When the Great and General Court (Massachusetts' legislature) passed the Racial Imbalance Act in 1965, the vote in favor came from suburban and rural areas (where Negroes don't live), the vote against from Boston and Springfield legislators. That dichotomy continues to this day: as the suburbs have (to this point) been spared busing by virtue of a recent Supreme Court decision affecting the Richmond, Virginia schools, suburban legislators have continued to favor intracity busing. Kevin White faithfully promised never to countenance busing in Boston. "It's a lousy, rotten law," he declared; but then: "We fought the thing. We lost. Now we have to go along with it." Most Bostonians wish he wouldn't give up so easily. Placards in Southie urged: "Go Home, Mayor Black!"

Boston didn't comply with the Racial Imbalance Law. And so a court case followed, resulting in a state Supreme Judicial Court order to desegregate the schools. This was the ruling protested 13 to 1 by Boston's voters in June. But busing came at last, owing to Judge Garrity's ruling on June 21; Garrity found that the city's schools had been deliberately segregated and ordered their immediate desegregation. While the School Committee sputtered and citizens voiced their overwhelming disapproval of the ruling, Garrity laid down the mechanisms of desegregation: *he* decided which schools would be desegregated via busing now, and which would be left alone for the nonce; *he* resisted every effort by the School Committee to seek a compromise; he alone fathered busing; and he, an appointed federal judge, indicated that nothing would stay his course.

After little more than a week of busing, palpably a disaster (continued demonstrations and violence, and a boycott extending beyond Southie and into other communities in support of Southie), Mayor White hinted ever so gently that Garrity should consider some "modification" of the plan, specifically a shift from Southie High to "neutral" territory, perhaps some buildings in downtown Boston. Judge Garrity would hear none of that; in fact, he refused to speak to the Mayor, declaring that only if White were a party to the current suit against the School Committee would he, Garrity, recognize the existence of the mayor of Boston.

By Friday the 27th, Garrity had added White as a codefendant in the current discrimination case—yet another liberal effort to punish elected officials for not jumping at the appointed judge's command—on petition of the Boston School Committee which charged the Mayor with "dangerous . . . statements" undermining the desegregation order, a bit confusing given the Committee's implacable hostility to the court order. Odd as it may seem, everyone got something out of this: the Committee thus enlisted White, who detests the committeemen as they detest him, as an "ally"; White has a forum now for active participation in deliberations; and Garrity was able to spread the responsibility around.

On that same day, September 27, Judge Garrity ruled out *any* changes in this year's busing plan, directing that planning be completed by mid-December on a citywide long range desegregation plan to go into effect in September 1975, at which time all 200 schools must be totally integrated. Areas now untouched by busing, such as Charlestown (which is receiving some Chinese children from Chinatown but no substantial numbers of blacks) and the largely Italian area called East Boston, will be brought into the citywide plan. Those areas and others that see the future containing busing for them have fitfully participated in the boycott. Judge Garrity is distressed by all this. "It's intolerable," he declared of the boycotts and violence, of the intolerable situation created by Judge Garrity of Wellesley, where Negroes appear only as domestics.

SOUTHIE CONSIDERS itself a self-contained unit, and it is. Its mentality is provincial, its suspicion of all outsiders, except its own handful of Lithuanians, Germans, Finns, Jews, Poles, long acknowledged as a fundamental element in the Southie psychology. It is a neighborhood of three-deckers, housing lower middle class Irish Catholics. Unemployment is heavy among Southie's young. The priesthood has until just now been highly respected; now the Church is part of The Enemy. Parochial schools abound and many have empty seats. But Humberto Cardinal Madeiros, who on arriving in Boston a few years ago to replace the late Richard Cardinal Cushing couldn't wait to intrude into social issues, has ordered that parochial schools not admit any student whose parents appeared to be trying to escape busing. There are empty chairs at Gate of Heaven School, but Southie kids living around the corner from Gate of Heaven aren't allowed through the gate. The elite prep schools are echoing the Cardinal's line and blocking admission by students trying to avoid busing. "The coloreds aren't getting an equal education, right?" asks a Southie mother, then answers: "Yet they want to put our children in these schools where they're not getting an equal education, so then our children aren't getting an equal education. Forget it."

Southie can't forget it. And won't let the pols forget it either. When Ted

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Kennedy tried in early September to address an antibusing rally in downtown Boston, the crowd jeered and shouted him down. "Why don't you put your one-legged son on the bus for Roxbury!" "Yeah, let your daughter get bused there so she can get raped." Senator Brooke, cannier than Kennedy, has pontificated only from afar. Like Kennedy's kids, Brooke's don't face busing, and he knows well that Southie won't listen to him either. Neither senator will support antibusing legislation in Washington. Neither, Southie feels, faces the danger of crime in Roxbury; Brooke lives in a white community and Kennedy, well, Kennedy is a citizen of the world.

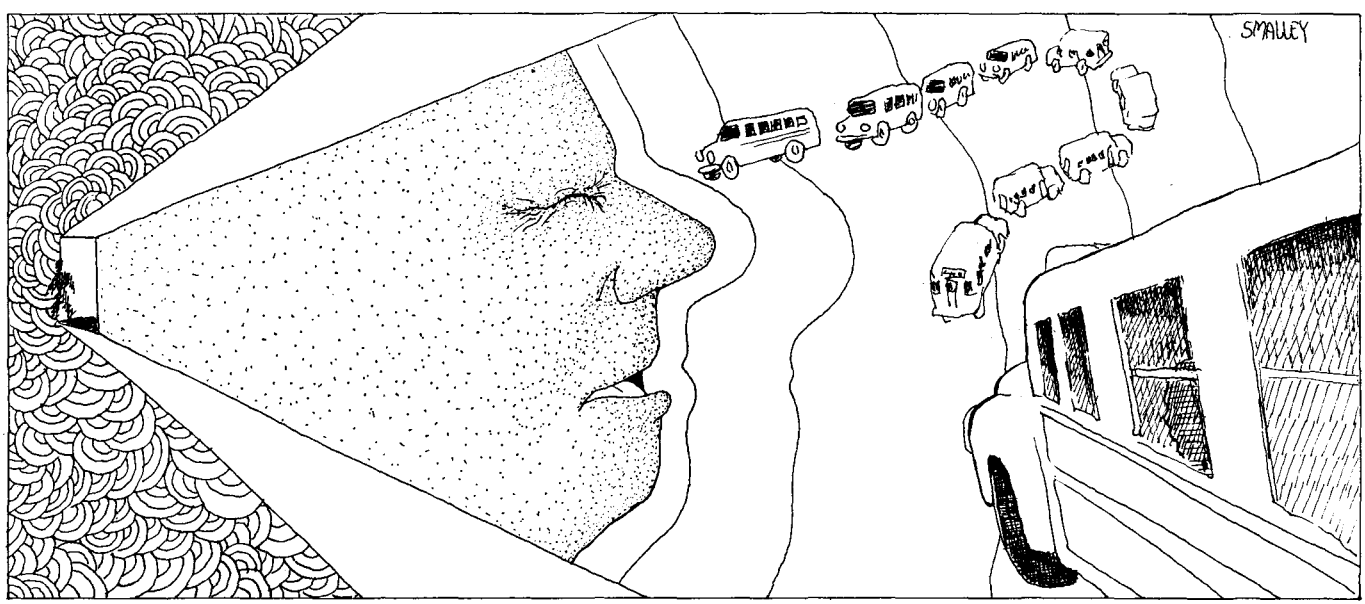
RAPE, mugging, murder: these are themes recurrent in the speech of South Bostonians. Even the Boston newspapers and TV and radio stations, which have downplayed the negative aspects of busing, have had to repeat at least some of the violent epithets and threats coming out of Southie. One lady, a refugee from Hitler Germany, said to me that the scene of Southie mothers screaming in terror and fainting on the streets as children were bused off to Roxbury evoked a familiar image, an image of German Jewish mothers similarly terrified during the 1930s.

And so: the boycott, and the rhetoric about Roxbury's dangers. Crime statistics tell the story (keep in mind that Roxbury is much more populous than Southie): for the period January-July 1974, the murder rate in Roxbury was double that of Southie; rape was five times as frequent; the armed robbery count, 921 against 50; breaking and entering, 1,196 against 246; purse snatching, 457 against 12. That most Negro crime is directed against Negroes provides little comfort in Southie. It *is* vastly more dangerous in Roxbury than in Southie, though the subjective feeling weighs even more. Rumors and lies gained currency in Southie. A few weeks ago Councilwoman Hicks, State Senator William Bulger, and State Representative Michael Flaherty, all from Southie, charged that "at least one hundred black people [are] walking around in the black community who have killed white people during the past two years. They have gone unapprehended." The charge could not be documented, but it was widely repeated. As of this writing, no one has been killed in a busing-related incident, though severe injuries have occurred. All the assault victims, mainly students, have been whites; most of the buses stoned were carrying Negroes. One death could trigger a quantum leap in the level of violence here.

The boycott has to this point been the most important tool of resistance. South Boston white teenagers remain out of school in large numbers, while black kids coming into Southie endure taunts and physical abuse daily. Adrienne Weston, a Negro teacher at South Boston High, fears for her life, but, she says, she can find another job anywhere because "there's no more problem with black people getting jobs." Another Negro, former Boston State College football player Earl Garrett, hired to teach phys. ed. at Southie has already applied for a transfer, unwilling to tolerate more hostility. Judge Garrity not only ordered the busing of students, but insisted also on faculty integration and hiring of blacks, whatever their qualifications, in equal numbers to new white teachers hired. Protests from the Teachers' Association have not budged Judge Garrity.

The boycott continues. During the first two weeks, school authorities indicated no punitive measures; by the end of September, State Education Commissioner Gregory Anrig had directed school officials to enforce attendance laws, and both he and Garrity began threatening punishment for parents who kept their kids home. Estimates are notoriously unreliable on such matters, but one of the Boston dailies indicated that about 1,000 students over the age of 16 are likely to quit school entirely rather than be bused anywhere—more casualties of social engineering.

ANOTHER CASUALTY will be the population statistics of the city as well as of the schools. At present, Boston is 18 per cent Negro; the schools are 60 per cent white, 32 per cent black and other nonwhite, and 8 per cent everybody's favorite affirmative action group, those boasting a Spanish surname. Realtors report an upswing in housing put up for sale within the last weeks in white neighborhoods as that old bugaboo, "white flight," takes off. A Negro TV reporter joked to me that, sure, he knew busing was useless, but he would



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soon have his pick of excellent houses at reduced, panic prices. In their statement on September 15, Hicks, Bulger, and Flaherty observed: "If parents seeking to regain control over their children flee this city, as indeed so many have been doing; if communities such as our own are systematically dismantled simply because federal judges are unwilling or unable to recognize the value of such communities, then all who live in this city are the losers. We will be a Newark or a Detroit—a tragic result for all people, white or black." This may seem a preposterous fear in a city with the lowest Negro population of any major Eastern coastal city, but there it is.

Busing continues, hated but required by judicial fiat. By the second week, the KKK had come to Boston. "It is our duty as white people, proud of our heritage, to help return civilization to this continent," said David Duke, a Klan dragon from Louisiana, who was quickly ushered out of town by the cops. "The Federal Government is taking little white children out of their homes and sending them into black *jungles*; the Federal Government is taking money out of your pockets to finance the production of thousands of little black bastards. . . . We don't believe Negroes fit into modern society." On hearing that, a Southie man retorted: "In Southie we call them *niggers*!" Duke threatens to sue Boston for $10 million because the authorities wouldn't allow the KKK to hold a rally on Boston Common; his exit was facilitated by the so-called "Rap Brown" law, prohibiting crossing a state line to incite riot. "Where is the Civil Liberties Union when *our* rights are being violated?" a South Boston resident asked. We never thought we would see the Klan welcomed in the Athens of America; but we never thought we would see forced busing for quota purposes either.

EACH DAY the politicians dispense wisdom. Senator Bulger, an orthodox big-government Democratic liberal, has suddenly discovered "big government out there," in which "you have no say." Bulger has helped make big government big, but "you are being asked to do something that all the rest of the world confides they won't do themselves." He means media executives and journalists, for example, who live in suburbia and avoid busing while preaching the wisdom of busing to lower middle class whites. "It's almost like punishment," says State Representative Flaherty; "we're being punished for what we are"—white ethnics without enough money to rush to the suburbs to join those to whom moral superiority comes as if by birthright.

School Committee Chairman Kerrigan proposed months ago that busing be extended into and from the suburbs. He didn't mean it, of course, but he's splendid at calling the liberals' bluff. Now he sits back while Boston squirms. "Watch the boycotts that go on forever. These are the boycotts by parents who have put their children in private schools and those who have moved to the lily-white suburbs." John J. Kerrigan plans to be active in Boston politics a long time; he has caught the winning cadence of demagogy to spice up his statistics and his accurate perceptions of white liberal hypocrisy.

Southie didn't know, doesn't know, where to turn for help, or quite where to vent its fury. Thus far Judge Garrity's home has escaped attack, though *Boston Globe* delivery trucks were blocked for hours one Saturday night. In identifying the *Globe* as their enemy, they have discerned but a fraction of it. Nor are Negroes the enemy; the wiser folk in the black community know that "quality education" can't come through proximity in class to whites, that busing is condescending, and the likely result more racial hatred and more segregation in the long run as whites race out of the city. Negro parents, too, are undergoing wrenching fear as their children ride off into hostile territory. Nor is the enemy some collective monstrosity called The Media. Certainly, the broadcast and newspaper media are liberal-controlled here, and on both the TV channels at which I work, as at the others in town, editorials and news reporting have been slanted in favor of busing, out of (no doubt) well-meaning ignorance and class snobbery, rather than because of conscious hostility to white Irish Catholics and their traditions and ethnic enclaves. Nor is the enemy the KKK, which most Bostonians shunned while Southie writhed in confusion and welcomed the "kluckers" for a few hours only to see them slink away and not return, despite their promise of a swift reappearance.

The enemy is political ineptitude, judicial legislation, bloated government. Boston would not have busing now had the political opportunists so long ensconced on the School Committee integrated the schools in the first place by building facilities in border areas and otherwise providing for the inevitable and the just—had they, in other words, effected integration while retaining "neighborhood schools." Boston would not have busing now had our legislators in Washington led the push for an antibusing amendment, which may come eventually as other cities recoil from the agony of Boston and try to head it off in advance. Boston would not have busing now had Americans not come to accept appointed judges' stampeding like bulls over the will of the majority. In this town the majority will accept integration but not integration on the shock-therapy plan.

BOSTON WOULD not have busing now, and a daily expenditure of $90,000 for police overtime pay, and special rifle teams of cops perched on rooftops of buildings in housing projects which have experienced shooting incidents, and searches of hundreds of housing units which alienate hundreds of families, had the philosophy of legislation by judicial directive not replaced the notion of legislation arising out of the will of the citizenry. Boston would not have busing now had government not become something the Founders never intended: they intended that government protect the citizens against violence domestic and foreign, ensure the domestic tranquility, and provide for the common welfare by providing for the common safety. The nature of American government now is one of intrusion, tampering with the fabric of society, denigration of the communal ethic.

Boston would not have busing now had—but what's the use? "The mind of a bigot," Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote, "may be compared to the pupil of the eye; the more light you pour on it the more it contracts." There are bigots, there are racists, there are vicious people in Southie, as everywhere; there are also bigots so blinded to the realities of social cohesiveness that they focus only on their ideological fixations. They will see—they are now seeing—the fruit of busing, but they will not alter their actions. □

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NYET

The Apollo-Soyuz Test Project

MICHAEL S. KELLY

On May 24, 1972 former President Nixon signed an agreement with Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin committing the United States to the first international space venture, a linkup between American and Soviet space vehicles known as the Apollo-Soyuz Test Project (ASTP). The flight, scheduled for July 1975, was designed as the culmination of detente, a great meeting in the heavens of two old foes become friends.

On the surface, preparations for the flight still appear to be going smoothly. But the more American experts learn about Soviet space operations, the more critical they are of the ASTP. Since the ASTP was conceived in an atmosphere of great euphoria, but without much real consideration of facts, perhaps it would be wise to reevaluate it before it's too late: to analyze the importance of the goals, the success expected in meeting them, and the cost to the United States.

One of the objectives of the ASTP is to open the way for technology sharing between the United States and the Soviet Union. Experts expected such an exchange to be beneficial to both countries. However, once U.S. analysts were permitted to examine the Soyuz, Russia's most advanced spacecraft, the experts were forced to change their view. *Aviation Week & Space Technology* carried a description of the Soyuz in its issues of January 21 and 28, 1974. The articles make interesting, and amusing, reading. The first one begins by summing up the level of sophistication of the Soyuz. It is, it states flatly, "little more than a man-rated unmanned satellite." Such a statement in aerospace circles amounts to pure invective. The description is fitting, however, as evidenced by these facts:

1. The Soyuz has no inertial guidance system, only a periscope arrangement for attitude control and position reference. The periscope is useless when the spacecraft is on the night side of the planet.

2. The Soyuz has no onboard computer. The flight sequencer consists of a set of rotating drums—much like the piano roll on a player piano—on which are inscribed instructions for the automatic controls. The cosmonauts cannot input commands. They can only call up commands already on the drums.

3. Manual control is severely limited. The attitude control system is primitive, and not adequately safeguarded against malfunction. The fuel is considered insufficient by U.S. standards.

4. The only method cosmonauts have of monitoring engine burns is to time them with a stopwatch. They must wait for word from ground control as to the success of the burn.

5. The life-support system is primitive and nonredundant. There is no backup cooling system. There is no reserve oxygen.

6. The Soviets are not particular about reentry and touchdown. They do not target for a specific point. They are satisfied if the spacecraft lands within the Soviet Union.

7. To conserve fuel, the spacecraft is stabilized by spinning it rapidly around its vertical axis. This accounts for the high incidence of motion sickness on Soviet space flights (spin stabilization is common practice for simpler, unmanned satellites, but U.S. scientists would never consider it for manned vehicles).

No Quo for the Quid

All of these factors (plus a great many more) lead American experts to conclude that the present level of Soviet space technology is about midway between American Mercury and Gemini technology: that is, about 11 years behind our current state of the art. The Soyuz can in no way compare with the Apollo spacecraft, and it is not even a serious piece of engineering compared to the Space Shuttle. Clearly we have nothing to gain in a trade of space technology. But we do have a great deal to lose.

Inertial guidance technology, structural techniques, propulsion system design, and aerodynamic theory given away through the ASTP or any other detente-induced "trade" would aid the Soviet Union in developing sophisticated weapon systems. Inertial guidance technology, added to the tremendous throw weight of the Soviet missiles, could improve Soviet ICBM and SLBM forces to the point at which U.S. systems would no longer be competitive. Talk about accelerating the arms race! By pursuing this policy, we would not only encourage the development of improved weapons, we would help to design them.

One of the most common reactions to the primitive design of the Soyuz, among experts and laymen alike, is, "Our guys must be nuts to fly on that mission." Americans are not used to thinking about the safety angle of space flight any longer, with the tremendous success of the Apollo landing program, but now it must again be considered in view of the Soyuz' record.

The first cosmonaut to fly the Soyuz, Vladimir Komarov, was killed when his spacecraft plunged to earth after reentry, its parachute tangled. Three more cosmonauts died on a subsequent mission when, after the spacecraft had undocked from a Salyut space station, a hatch seal gave way and the cabin atmosphere fell overboard. The most recent Soyuz mission appeared to end prematurely, although the Soviet space agency denies this.

American experts have expressed serious concern over the safety factor. They threatened to call off the ASTP unless the Soviets revealed the cause of the accident which killed the three cosmonauts, and some of them are pressing for postponement of the flight following the apparent abort of the latest Soyuz mission. The concern for the safety of our astronauts is justified. The Soyuz' standards of engineering are not sufficient, and the record bears out the fact that the craft is vulnerable.

Another goal of the ASTP is the development of space rescue techniques. But the value of the lessons learned is questionable, for two reasons: 1) Such

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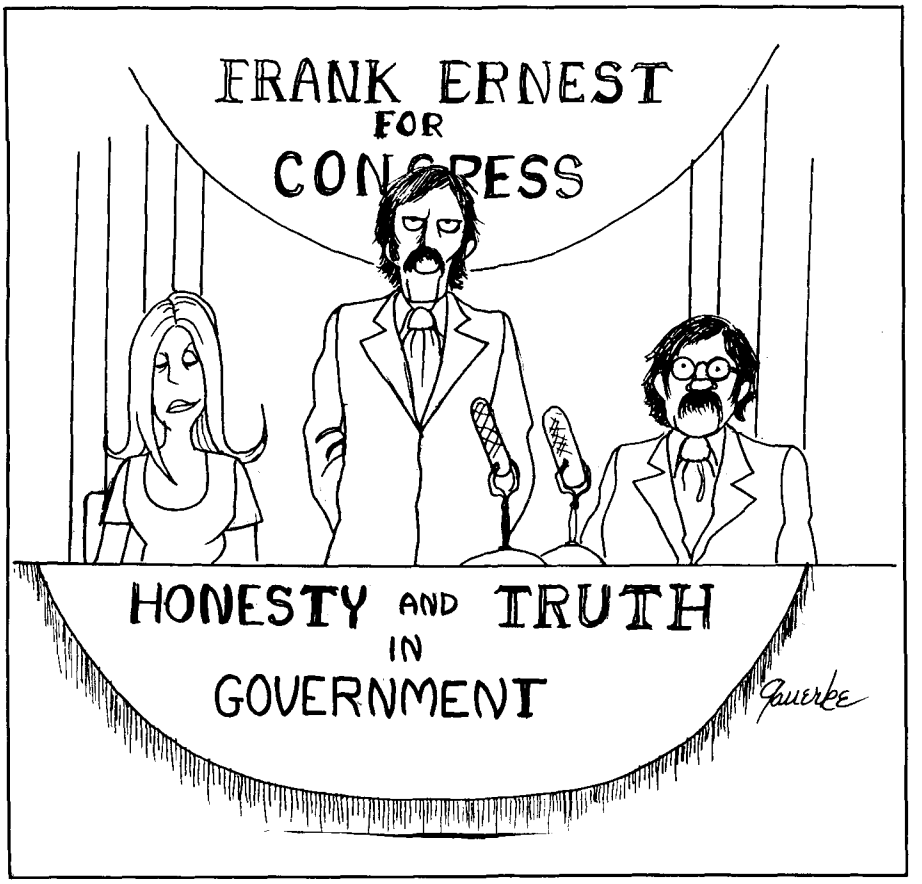
techniques will be developed using an Apollo spacecraft, but no Apollo spacecraft will ever fly again. 2) The value of the techniques would be questionable regardless of the fate of Apollo because of the primitive nature of the Soyuz.

Outdated Technology

Consider a situation in which a Soyuz is to rescue a stranded Apollo spacecraft. The Soyuz is defeated before it gets off the ground. Its booster is not powerful enough to place it into the nominal Apollo mission orbit. Nor is its guidance system adequate to ensure rendezvous. Booster reliability is only 80 per cent, considered poor for a man-rated system, so that achieving orbit cannot even be guaranteed. (For this reason, the Soviets will be the first to launch for the ASTP. If their first rocket does not work, they will have two more standing by.) If orbital injection is not accurate, it must be at least within certain limits, because of the Soyuz' lack of maneuverability. And if the stranded Apollo is unable to maneuver, a docking would not be possible. Because of the Soyuz' inadequate attitude control system, it cannot dock with a passive target. The target must move, in response to signals transmitted to it from the Soyuz. For this reason, the Apollo will be the active docking agent for the ASTP mission, and the Soyuz will be passive.

And if the Apollo, which is powerful, reliable, and maneuverable, should ever be called upon to rescue a Soyuz stuck in the spin-stabilized mode, rescue would be impossible. For all other types of rescue, the Apollo would be more than adequate.

This is purely academic discussion, of course, since the Apollo to be used on the ASTP will be the last such craft ever to fly. It will be succeeded by the Space Shuttle, which will make Apollo-Soyuz rescue techniques obsolete. Should the Shuttle ever be required to rescue a Soyuz, it would merely have to rendezvous with the craft, hoist it into the huge payload bay, and reenter the atmosphere. The Soyuz, on the other hand, would be pretty much useless in any attempt to rescue a disabled Shuttle.



". . . and I'll do my utmost to expand the bureaucracy, increase taxes, and government spending . . ."

From the foregoing discussion, it is apparent that one of the program goals, technology sharing, would be detrimental to the welfare of the United States. Another, the development of rescue techniques, is not even worthy of serious consideration. And there is substantial cause for concern over the safety of our astronaut crew for the ASTP flight. We get all this—and pay for it, too. Still another of the stated goals of the Apollo-Soyuz Test Project is the promotion of understanding and cooperation in the use of space. It is not difficult to see who will be doing all of the cooperating.

By setting a precedent with the ASTP, we may be committing ourselves to placing heavy payloads into orbit for the Russians with the Space Shuttle. The Shuttle will cost less per launch to operate than any system the Russians could devise, so that this arrangement will represent a substantial savings for them. They, in return, have nothing to offer us.

ASTP Suicidal

The ASTP will certainly not open the way to "understanding." Nothing has been able to do that so far, and, because of the Soviet dedication to Marxist principles, nothing ever will. It is time the American people were reminded of the fact that the Soviet Union is ruled by a government that is not "just another government." It is a tyranny, and it has, as part of its international expansionist policy, promised to extend its sphere of influence to cover us. Any technology, any aid of any kind that we give them is aid toward that goal. We, as a nation, are committing suicide with every wheat deal, every SALT talk, every truck plant, and every shred of knowhow we give the Russians. And the ASTP is the bannerhead of this national suicide, a proud advertisement to the world that we will spare no expense to give away what we have fought hard to create, give it away to those who did not earn it, and could not duplicate it.

The ASTP might be able to promote one kind of understanding: the American people's understanding of their own worth, of the decadence of the Soviet Union, and of the tragic mistake of detente. The signal that such understanding had been achieved would be that America, for the reasons stated above, withdrew from the ASTP. □

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LETTER FROM MILAN

Prescription for Disaster

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

THE TEMPERATURE is in the high 90s, the air is heavy with car exhaust and industrial pollution, the transport union has called its usual strike, and to all intents and purposes life in this northern metropolis has come to a standstill. The Via Monte Napoleone, Milan's high class shopping center, is deserted. Yet in the ice-cool interior of Gucci's and Valentino's there are no fire sales or "going out of business" signs. On the contrary, most of the outrageously expensive merchandise has long since been sold out to well-heeled Milanese, stocking up before the holidays.

At an ultra-chic men's tailor it is the same story: business has never been better. The new Gatsby craze has forced every Italian jetsetter to order a few white suits. And in order to get them on time, the trendy ones have had to pay double, sometimes triple, the original price.

Services of all kinds are available in Italy if one is willing to pay for them. I ordered a new suit at one of Milan's better tailors, for instance, and was told there would be a three-month wait because of absenteeism in the sewing department. If I would pay a third more, however, I could have it in two months; and if I paid double it would be ready in ten days. (I decided to stick with Brooks Brothers.) The nice old tailor was embarrassed. In the old days, he told me, workers could not blackmail him like this and still keep their jobs. But now he couldn't fire them because they hadn't exactly refused to work; they just stayed away sick, but inexplicably recovered when offered more money.

This situation has been brought on to a large extent by the rich industrialists and landowners who look for the easy way out, unwilling to think of the long term damage they may be causing themselves. They give in to the Communist-led unions, no matter how outrageous the demands, preferring to put off to another day the inevitable confrontation. The politicians do the same, and the bankers, and even the journalists.

The result has been a runaway inflation of more than 20 per cent per annum, business stagnation, instability and inefficiency in government, widespread social injustice, universal tax evasion. The incredibly big and incredibly inefficient bureaucracy—employing some three million people—is incredibly corrupt. The rich are taking their money out—illegally—but no serious effort has been made to check the practice. And no one, no crusading politician, no newspaper, no law-enforcing agency, has been able to stop it. Why? Simple. Because there hasn't been any such person or movement in Italy since the death of you know who.

But if weak governments, a parasitic bureaucracy, and irresponsible businessmen have brought Italy to her knees it is the union leaders who are delivering the coup de grace. They have allowed continuous strikes to cripple the economy, and have provided the industrial disarray that has played a major role in bringing down 36 governments since the end of World War II.

THE GREATEST business figure in Italy is Gianni Agnelli, chairman and largest stockholder of Fiat. The company, founded by his grandfather, is now not only Italy's largest company, but one of the world's as well. "What is good for Fiat is good for Italy," the saying goes, and for a while Fiat was the fourth largest automaker in the world. But now it is about to go bankrupt. Agnelli, one of the most charming and intelligent men around, also heads the Italian Confederation of Business Industry (CBI). It is very strange to see Fiat's president facing the unions as an adversary rather than as a friend, which is what he had been to them since he took power about ten years ago.

At that time Agnelli, an imaginative capitalist with progressive ideas, turned left. He took to preempting union demands by offering more than they were demanding, in the hope of gaining a generation's peace with labor and the progress that goes with that kind of harmony. But as Gianni Agnelli, Fiat, and the Italian business community were about to find out, labor unions—or at least Italian labor unions—do not function this way. "Where they were asking for a finger, they got the whole hand, and grabbed the arm, shoulder, and half the body," was the way a Fiat executive described the union's negotiations with his company.

Fiat has been confronted more often than other industrial concerns by exorbitant demands and union-enforced slowdowns. Eighteen thousand of Fiat's 200,000 workers are likely to be off on any given working day. The harshest blow to Fiat's fortunes came recently when government arbitrators ended a long-deadlocked dispute by awarding the workers everything they had asked for. And that means, in the words of Gianni's brother, Umberto, the company's managing director, "that we cannot possibly operate at a profit from now on. The government is simply giving good jobs to people at the expense of the stockholders."

As things stand now it looks like a stark choice for Italy between economic disaster and the abandonment of its free institutions. It is undeniable that a strong—almost dictatorial—government is needed. But who will head it? A colonels' coup in the Greek fashion is out of the question. The armed forces are dispirited and divided. The workers, who might fuel a revolution, are content in their role of squeezing capital and getting paid for not working. They will not militate for a strong government that might crack down on union excesses.

So life goes on in this ancient land of music and sunshine. The rich worry little and care even less. The workers are restive but not ready for revolution, and the great silent majority—well, in Italy it's not really silent, impotent would be a better word—the middle classes, are caught in the economic squeeze. They will probably continue to be victimized by unscrupulous politicians, crooked bureaucrats, and labor union leaders, many of whom will not be satisfied until Italy has become a proletarian dictatorship. □

Mr. Theodoracopulos is NR*'s own jetsetter.*

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MONT PELERIN

The economists who gathered in Brussels last month had no strings attached to them, no axes to grind, no constituents to please—were beholden only to their muse

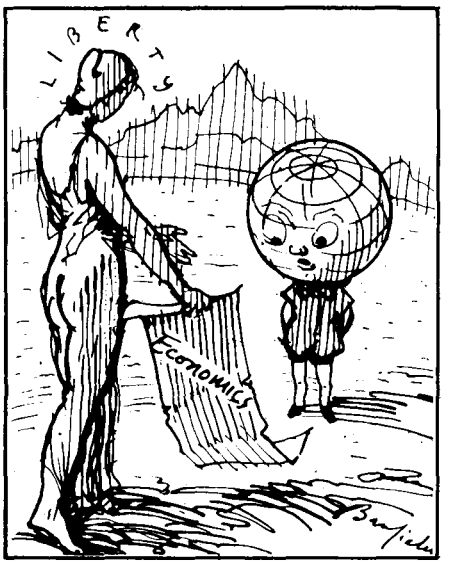
The Real Summit

ALAN REYNOLDS

WHEN I WAS the age of my youngest child, a small band of prophets gathered in the Swiss village of Mont Pelerin. There they conspired to keep alight the torch of liberty, and to pass it to another generation. Any such collective of individualists necessarily faces some difficulties. But today the Mont Pelerin Society numbers over 300 members in 33 countries, mostly economists, and is compelled to ration entry to avoid holding meetings in Madison Square Garden. This year, the conference was held in Brussels. The next meeting, a regional one, will be at Hillsdale College, Michigan. And the 1976 general meeting will celebrate the Bicentennial—of the publication of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, of course—at St. Andrews, Scotland. To maintain this cartel among advocates of competition, there will be a classic tie-in sale: those attending the 1976 meeting must purchase a necktie with the profile of Adam Smith.

At the first Mont Pelerin conference, in 1947, a key inspiration must surely have been the success of Friedrich Hayek's *Road to Serfdom*. When I first read it, a generation later, I underlined only the most magnificent passages. Not more than a hundred sentences were left unscored. Without that book, I might still be an auto mechanic—and more affluent, but less content.

So here I am at the opening cocktail party, face to face with Hayek himself. Without the slightest idea of what he looked like, I had no trouble spotting him in a crowd of several hundred. At 75, he's a strikingly handsome man, tall and lean, with silver hair and moustache. What do you say to a man who has added so much to the fields of economics, history, and philosophy? Not much. But I listened.



They were all there. Milton and Rose Friedman, with whom I shared a taxi to the hotel. George Stigler, who has contributed as much to the theory of industrial organization as Friedman to the theory of the economy as a whole. David Meiselman, who coauthored with Friedman the study that permanently shook the Keynesian establishment from its smug complacency. Sam Peltzman, who left the Council of Economic Advisors just before Phase I, and subsequently wrote a major exposé of the FDA. James Meigs, author of a favorite book, *Money Matters*. Henry Manne, director of a promising new Center for Studies in Law and Economics at the University of Miami. James Buchanan and Gordon Tullock of the influential Center for Study of Public Choice at Virginia Polytech. The list reads on and on, like a Who's Who of the finest scholars in political and economic theory: C. Lowell Harriss, Ernest van den Haag, Fritz Machlup, W. H. Hutt, and so on. Even Murray Rothbard, who has a reputation as a Brooklyn hermit, made the long journey. Enoch Powell, the vigorous and exciting maverick of British conservatives, was there too.

All That Glitters

Belgium provided an ideal setting for a discussion of money. Like French francs, Belgian money is pretty, printed in several colors, which is usually a dangerous sign. I soon found that trading 100 of mine for 3,800 of theirs was not such a terrific bargain after all. Carrying two wallets was a nuisance, and I never did get used to paying a dime an ounce for Coke. (If you ask for water, in any language, they pretend not to understand.) The room service menu contained no prices because "the sudden and unexpected fluctuations in the cost of goods . . . unfortunately do not allow us to maintain updated prices." I was beginning to feel at home already.

No Mont Pelerin conference would be complete without a heated exchange between gold bugs and monetarists. John Exter opened this bout by calling James Meigs of Argus Research an "interventionist" because Meigs wants to limit the authority of central banks to increase the money supply. Exter's idea of nonintervention is for the government to fix the price of gold in terms of dollars, and dollars in terms of other currencies. He is apparently more concerned about international than domestic trade, since he says "we didn't leave the gold standard until August 1971,

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when Nixon closed the gold window." Currency and checks are not money, on this view. Only gold is money.

Actually, Friedmanites have no objection to people's using gold as money. If the stuff is really so terrific as a store of value and medium of exchange, then legalizing gold ownership and gold clauses would result in a de facto gold standard without its being imposed and regulated by government. A U.S. public which is so docile as to accept a ban on gold ownership for forty years is not apt to be the strongest bulwark against government tinkering with something that passes for an official gold standard.

If the gold bugs don't want to call checks and Federal Reserve notes "money," then let's agree to call them something else. Time is too valuable to waste on such semantics. At one point, I offered an ardent gold standard advocate one ounce of gold for a thousand of those green paper things with a picture of Washington on them. The worthless paper suddenly acquired more value than the precious metal. Many of those who say that paper money is worthless and becoming more so are nonetheless placing costly ads offering to exchange their valuable metals or dried figs for your worthless currency or checks. Apparently, altruism outweighs their contempt for paper money.

Ben Rogge, who has a knack for getting directly to the periphery of the matter, has solved the problem of how to recognize money. "If the dog eats it," says Rogge, "it's dog food."

Hayek spoke up, and noted that "we are living through the economic consequences of Mr. Keynes" ("This is Keynes' long run," added Murray Rothbard, "he's dead, but we aren't"). "The most serious consequence," said Hayek, "is the number of jobs that have become dependent on continuing and accelerating inflation." We must prepare the public to face the withdrawal pains of bringing inflation under control. "If we don't do it now, we'll have to do it at much greater expense later."

An important paper by Chiaki Nishiyama, treating money as a substitute for costly information, points up a possible difficulty. The Society is trying to recruit philosophers, journalists, political scientists, lawyers, and so on. Yet someone not schooled in economics would, I should think, find Nishiyama's paper rather rough going. I had the good fortune of studying under several of the economists whom Nishiyama cites as his sources of inspiration, such as Axel Leijonhufvud and Karl Brunner. Still, I can't begin to do justice to the elegance and sophistication of the logic and evidence presented.

Neo-Keynesian financial theory is condemned by Nishiyama for ignoring the direct substitution between money and real goods, and creating an untenable dichotomy between the theory of relative prices and that of the so-called price level. Specifically, neo-Keynesians see money as influencing only investment spending, and doing so only through interest rates. Their analysis cannot explain why people hold money rather than capital goods, nor how money increases real income by allowing an economy to get beyond barter. Money, in Nishiyama's analysis, substitutes for producer and consumer information about prices over time and space, because money is traded in all markets. This is why we observe such a close relationship between the money supply, output, and prices.

Professor Nishiyama has put together a hundred year history of the Japanese economy, and finds "there has been no other inflation than the one in 1973-74, the cause of which was so purely monetary in nature." Japan's monetary authority, looking only at investment and interest rates, let the money supply increase to nearly a 30 per cent rate last year. Allan Walters of the London School of Economics notes that in Britain too the rate of money growth accelerated sharply—from around 9 per cent before 1971 to never less than 20 per cent. It's almost enough to make you love the Federal Reserve (but not quite).

A Less Perfect Union

Another perennial topic at Mont Pelerin gatherings is the connection, if any, between unions and inflation. One variant on the theme is that union wage demands generate unemployment, at least until displaced workers can be absorbed into the nonunion sector, and that politicians pressure central banks to raise the money supply in order to dilute real wages and thereby reduce unemployment (until the unions notice what happened). This is, in a sense, a theory of what motivates Arthur Burns. As Larry Fertig put it, "organized labor is one force pressuring government to raise the money supply." This theory is far superior to the popular notion that unions continually push up total wage payments in the entire economy—which implies that profits are subject to limitless erosion, or that union workers have no relative advantage over nonunion workers. As W. H. Hutt demonstrated, both at the conference and in *The Strike Threat System*, the logic and evidence are quite clear that the union elite gains at the expense of nonunion workers. "We should be attacking the unions as wage reducers," said Hutt.

In his presidential address, Arthur Shenfield offered a somewhat different challenge to Enoch Powell's view that monetary expansion is the whole story:

> In my judgment, politicians do not debauch the currency because they fear unemployment. They do so because they entice themselves into spending programs which cannot be covered by taxation and long term loans. When inflation begins to worry them, they find themselves locked into these programs. It is also true that when they consider breaking out of the lock, siren voices tell them that unemployment will arise, which they do indeed fear. They are then faced with a choice between the odium of the run-down of their spending and the odium of inflation, and they choose the latter. . . . In Britain I believe that politicians would run their spending down rather than face the odium of hyperinflation, were it not for our trade unions. . . . Suppose that our government were to seek to moderate, not to mention terminate, the profligacy of our educational, national health, or welfare system in any particular, our trade unions would threaten to bring the life of the country to a standstill . . .

Shenfield's argument was not really effectively challenged. Allan Walters suggested that unions may decrease measured unemployment through featherbedding, but this neglects the effect of such make-work schemes in encouraging massive substitution (trucks for railroads, automation for printers, Japanese goods in place of British). Friedman noted that business, not labor, has welcomed wage-price controls and other government interventions, and that Heath picked the fight with British coal miners. Such anecdotes are instructive, but not conclusive. The Shenfield thesis deserves more detailed consideration, at least as an explanation of "the British disease."

Still, it is not clear what dramatic change in union power might have caused inflation to be infinitely worse now than only a decade ago. British

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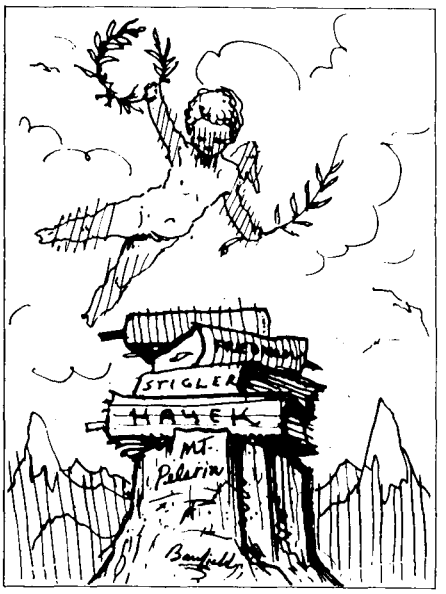
businessmen always blame labor for inflation, and labor blames business. Meanwhile, the government keeps taking a larger and larger share from both. When one looks at the time sequence, the causality usually seems to start with a rise in the money supply, followed by sales and output, then prices of assets and raw materials, and finally retail prices, interest rates, and wages. Long term union contracts are often slow to adjust to inflation in the early stages—which is one reason why unanticipated inflation often provides a brief stimulus to production and employment. Moreover, neither of the sophisticated theories of a union role in the inflationary process denies that politicians and central banks possess the tools to prevent or stop inflation. These theories cannot absolve government from its responsibility for inflation.

Milton Friedman's son, David, found a lively reception for his views on the welfare state. In his mid-twenties, David's accomplishments include a doctorate in physics and a significant new book on *The Machinery of Freedom*. He began by predicting a monumental crisis of the American social security system within 25 years, because the financial base can no longer expand enough to keep up with the unfunded obligations. Someone suggested that we might simply adopt the Uruguayan solution—raising taxation enough to convert the nation from a developed to an underdeveloped economy.

The young Friedman threatens to write a book on bureaucracy called, of course, *Human Inaction*. A preview is Friedman's Second Law: "It is impossible for the government to give away money," or "To a first approximation, all government spending is waste." This is because it is worth nearly a dollar to get a dollar from the government, so people waste resources in an effort to affect the distribution of government favors. Gordon Tullock, who really should be credited with discovery of this principle, mentioned a study by Anne Krueger which found that 8 to 15 per cent of the national income in certain poor countries goes into getting government protection against imports. Friedman mentioned the airlines, whose CAB-enforced cartel prices are double the competitive level, yet the $3 billion or so in overcharges does not show up in airline profits or wages.

In thinking about the net impact of government favors, David Friedman suggested, it helps to visualize a situation in which someone goes around a circle of 100 people collecting a mere penny from each one. At the end of the round, he drops 50 cents at the feet of one grateful fellow. The process is repeated 100 times, until everyone gets 50 cents and pays a dollar. Since the benefits are more obvious than the losses, everyone is apt to think he gained. Friedman's countervailing strategy is to reduce the number of rounds in order to build a coalition against the collection process (taxes, money creation, or government-fixed prices). To this end, he suggests package deals as an entrepreneurial opportunity for ambitious politicians. "The larger the



amount the government is spending, the more a politician can promise to his constituents as a saving."

Ernest van den Haag added a pessimistic note with the observation that the supply of poverty is responsive to the price we pay for it. "Thus, subsidizing poverty . . . creates a permanent political group which presses for expansion of the subsidy and expands itself as that goal is achieved. Poverty may decrease but welfare expenditures will not."

Ideas or Interests?

A highlight of the meeting was the presentation of Hoover prize essays, by three bright young fellows, on the morality of capitalism. Alan Stockman argued that "the closest approximation to a good society can be had only by maximizing freedom instead of maximizing any specific concept of 'good.'" Roger Michener observed that faith in freedom implies "confidence in the blossoming of unforeseen solutions to some of our problems from sources that we least suspect." David Kelley argued that a social system is morally acceptable to the extent that it allows individuals freedom to determine and satisfy their own needs, and to utilize their capacities to reason.

The discussion leads into what will, I suspect, be an issue of growing interest at future meetings—namely, the efficacy of ideas against those organized to manipulate state favors to their own advantage. Roughly speaking, the division is between those who are optimistic about the impact of ideas, and those who are rather cynical and gloomy. Thus, Murray Rothbard says, "we're on the road to victory." Henry Manne, on the other hand, believes that "opinion doesn't count for much. It's people's real interest that determines their behavior." (Manne's argument is summarized in my "Libertarians Abroad," *NR*, Oct. 26, 1973.)

The skeptics argue that people utilize or adjust to government regulations in a way that maximizes their satisfaction. This is not only "the best of all possible worlds," but the *only* possible world—given institutional constraints. We have to start from here, from the status quo. George Stigler suggested that it might be most realistic to assume that "governments are just what people want." Sam Peltzman wondered how a theory of justice could be effective against "a confluence of politically dominant forces."

But there is no conflict between free market ideas and self-interest. As David Friedman argued, in the preceding section, government favoritism is not a zero-sum game in which we slice up a given pie. Regulations and taxes reduce the size of the pie. People may have legitimate property rights in existing government regulations, but these can be traded for reductions in taxes or prices. The documented presence of sheer waste means that some people could be made better off without injuring others. Politics is a relatively crude and clumsy mechanism for satisfying diverse wants, so real income can often be increased by switching to the market system and thereby expanding the realm of individual choice. This is particularly true over time, because taxes and regulations tend to strangle the cre-

(Continues on page 1252)

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KIPPERS AND MILK

Rumbles from Afar

AUBERON WAUGH

Languedoc—

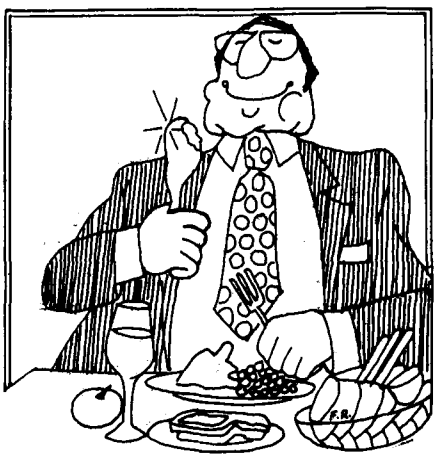
ONE OF THE great comforts of public life—and the only consideration which would ever tempt me into it—must be the luncheons. Last month, for instance, Mr. Fred Peart, who, as everyone knows, is our much loved Minister of Agriculture, Fisheries, and Food, gave a luncheon at Lancaster House for Mr. C. J. Moyle, New Zealand Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries (but not Food). The other guests were the High Commissioner for New Zealand, Mr. E. Bishop MP, Mr. M. Jopling MP, and Mr. G. Grant MP.

Of course I don't hold it against Mr. Peart that he never thought of inviting me. It was I who invented the amusing nickname "Foot-and-Mouth Fred" for him many years ago, and although he always claimed to be delighted by it, I suppose he is only human. My purpose in drawing attention to this neglected side of public life is not to excite envy or urge revolutionary change, although I think it would be more interesting if newspapers printed the menus rather than the list of guests, which never seems to change much. Public eating is in fact a very large part of public life and I suppose some would find it scandalous if they knew how many senior politicians and civil servants spend their afternoons and evenings in a state of stupor at the public expense. (Not Fred Peart, of course. I have never known him to take a drop more than was prudent. His early career as a PT instructor probably taught him the dangers.)

No, my purpose in mentioning the matter is certainly not to erode still further the respect and admiration for political leaders which, as everyone agrees, is more essential than ever at the present time. But I do feel that before people stridently demand a solution to inflation they should glance at the list of official receptions on the *Times* court page and see what else our politicians have to contend with.

Throughout on the only political issue in which I have ever involved myself, it simply escaped my notice for 18 months that one of the politicians most involved was almost permanently drunk. I saw him as red-faced and overemphatic, speaking with greater deliberation than seemed necessary, but the most obvious explanation for the whole of British government policy in that field never once crossed my mind until one of his colleagues pointed it out afterwards.

These wistful jottings must not be seen as being prompted by envy. I am sure I eat better and drink more than any of them. My only point is that it is unreasonable to expect our politicians to produce a solution to inflation, any more than I would expect to do so myself. We must all look within ourselves. Lying like an immense mountain of lard on the Mediterranean shore after the sort of *bouillabaisse* which I honestly believe would have killed half the front bench, I feel that I am beginning to come to grips with the problem. In the newspaper over my face Dr. Stephen Haseler has written: "Unless inflation is soon controlled by courageous and responsible men then the very institutions that national, democratic, vote-seeking politicians rely upon to sustain them in power will simply no longer exist."



Poor old Fred Peart. No more luncheons in Lancaster House with his genial opposite number from New Zealand? But what can we courageous and responsible men do to sustain the democratic, vote-seeking politicians we love so much? No politician dares suggest anything, but Dr. H. R. Pitt FRS, Vice-Chancellor of Reading University, thinks we should consume less, or work more productively, or both.

Well, burp, that's certainly worth thinking about. I wonder why nobody ever thought of it before. Dr. Pitt FRS regards it as potty, O-level stuff. What really interests him is "why the British people and their political leaders in all parties hold each other in such profound mutual contempt." I should have thought the answer to that question was equally potty, but perhaps we may return to it later. Let us first examine the proposal that as a courageous and responsible man I should either work harder or consume less or do both.

Probably not many people now remember Captain Robert Maxwell's "Back Britain" campaign of a few years ago. It was in response to one or other of the phony crises generated by politicians to encourage the Dunkirk Spirit in the good old days of Stop-Go. A couple of rather plain typists in Surbiton announced they would work extra hours without pay, and the *Daily Express* had an orgasm. But the idea never caught on because of an awareness that the secretaries' loss was the bosses' gain.

WELL, I am self-employed. I have never owned a stock or a share and have no savings to contribute to the Fred Peart Preservation Fund. I could not possibly work harder or more efficiently than I do at present, burp, but I could certainly consume less. Just at this moment in time, as mangled pieces of Mediterranean fish slowly work their way to my megacolon, the thought of the new life of austerity awaiting me on my return to England has a certain material appeal on top of the obvious spiritual advantages.

An uneasy thought strikes me. Last year, on my return to England at the end of the summer, I found a pile of demands for an income tax payment which had fallen due in my absence. They grew progressively more strident,

(Continues on page 1251)

Mr. Waugh is a regular contributor to the New Statesman, *from which this article was reprinted.*

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WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

Inflation (Unintelligible)

ONE LEARNS to simplify. Some years ago I brightened and simplified my life by resolving never again to read about the Near East. The *New York Times* since then has covered a thousand acres with paper and ink having to do with that region, I have ignored it all, and I haven't missed a thing. The A's and the J's are where they were 4,000 years ago, i.e., at each other's throats, and the events of the last ten years haven't made a difference.

Then I promised myself I would never read again about the problems of the Irish and the English, and, oh, what cheery mornings and happy days I trace to that resolve! The I's and the E's must do without me!

Latterly I decided never to read another political speech unless it were given by Miss America. Finally, last week, I decided to forgo all news stories about "inflation."

The occasion for this latest outburst of withdrawal was the President's convocation of economists. The news reports agreed that we "all" are responsible for rising prices and that the money supply should be "eased" lest we have hard times. Try as I might, I could find no mention of the fact that there is a difference between an increase in the money supply and a rise in the general level of prices. There was no mention of the causal relation between an increase in the money supply and the rise in the general level of prices. How, after all, can you say A causes B when you insist on saying A *is* B? There was no mention of the fact that the money supply has been the exclusive responsibility of the Federal Government since 1914 (strictly speaking: for this was the start of the Federal Reserve System) or since 1787 (broadly speaking: for the Constitution empowers the Federal Government to "regulate the value" of the money).

If one agency has been charged with regulating the value of money since 1787 and if the value of money has deteriorated to the point where its future is in doubt, who's to blame?

The news stories also failed to mention my favorite solution to problems of governmental management. Naturally enough, if they failed to mention that the government has been in charge of the money, then they would fail to accuse the government of mismanagement. And they would never dream of asking whether there might be some agency other than government that might issue money and regulate the value thereof. Do not blame the reporters. They merely reported the doings of the economists.

What? An alternative to GI money? What would you have us do? Use other people's money?

Yes. We did just that for a long time in this country, using Spanish pieces of eight, English crowns and pennies, French and Dutch pieces—anything that traded anywhere in the world as money could be traded in this country just as well. It's a free country—that's what they used to say.

There were difficulties. You had to compute the "value" of one coin against another. The "value" would change from time to time. It was difficult to arrange foreign payments. Fractional payments were approximate. Wars and other political ventures led to occasional "shortages" of money. The people cried out for governmental "regulation" of the money and the "value" thereof—and here we are.

Here we are, with a GI money that has many of the problems we used to have when we didn't have a GI money at all. You have to "compute" the exchange value of the dollar against everything offered in the markets, because prices are changing so rapidly that yesterday's gouge may be tomorrow's bargain. The "value" of the dollar is changing with each day, and its decline in buying power is not only swift but capricious. There is a growing fear that the entire banking system will collapse, creating the greatest "shortage" of money since 1907—for the "dollar" is now nothing but an entry in the books of the banks (only 10 per cent of the M2 money supply is hand-to-hand currency), and when the banks close there is no more "money." It's difficult to say we are better off than we were in the old days with Spanish pieces of eight.

But surely you can't be serious. You can't run a modern economy on pieces of eight . . .?

We can run our lives any way we desire—it's a free country, isn't it? Some people may want solid gold. Some may want silver. Some may place their faith in paper bills. Some may trust to the local bank. Some may believe the politicians. Some businessmen may refuse to enter long term agreements unless the unit of payment is defined in terms of gold or silver. Some banks may do a big business issuing receipts for gold and silver placed on deposit with them, and those receipts may change hands from time to time, just like money. The most efficient banks would supply money at the cheapest price. Yes, there will be a price: money is a useful article, and it commands a price in the market. If we permit free people to manufacture money, the worthless stuff ("counterfeit") will find no buyers, and the useful stuff will change hands at a price.

What? *Pay* for the right to use money?

WE'RE PAYING for being forced to use a stinking currency right now—paying the price of unstable currency, gutted bond markets, tumultuous financial markets, unpredictable price relationships, skewed contracts, social upheaval among the middle class and the elderly especially—we're paying a terrific and incalculable price for the "free" money being forced down our throats by a government that refuses to allow competition in the supply of this important good. There would be a "price" if money were supplied by open competition, but the "price" would be visible, calculable, and therefore controllable. And one of the great benefits would be that we'd never again have to read about a conference on inflation. □

William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, *an investment advisory service, and publisher of the* Financial Book Digest.

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Juveniles in Trouble

RUSSELL KIRK

THE MAJORITY of children in serious trouble—whether as a result of criminal activities or psychological afflictions—are treated or confined in state-operated or state-licensed facilities in every state. I am not referring to orphanages: the oldfangled orphanages are virtually empty, except for the "handicapped," since nowadays any tolerably normal orphan, white or black, is adopted by eager foster parents. Probably the best state system for dealing with "delinquent" juveniles is California's, for California has a special Youth Authority, independent of the state welfare apparatus. In the usual state pattern, alas, the concerns of the confused young are left to the vast "social services" bureaucracy.

In Michigan

In Michigan, a few weeks ago, a report was submitted by the Michigan Juvenile Justice System Study Committee of the Michigan Legislative Council. For some reason, the Legislative Council had insisted that the MJJSSC engage the services of the John Howard Association, an Illinois outfit concerned with problems of juveniles. Those abused words "bleeding heart" and "permissive" may be applied with accuracy to the John Howard people.

Anyway, the MJJSSC in its majority report recommends centralization of the public apparatus for dealing with juveniles in trouble and taking control of such young people virtually out of the hands of juvenile courts. Furthermore, both the John Howard Association and the MJJSSC would not permit delinquent minors to be confined for any reason. If they had their way, indeed, it would be almost impossible for parents to reclaim minor children who had run away from home.

The minority report, however, is written by Probate Judge Eugene A. Moore and subscribed to by Associate Justice Mary S. Coleman, of Michigan's Supreme Court, and that is worth reading. I have been corresponding with Mrs. Coleman about the general question of what we are to do about juveniles in trouble. Justice Mary Coleman, popularly elected to the Supreme Court of Michigan last autumn, is the first lady to sit upon the supreme bench of Michigan. She is beautiful, eloquent, dignified, and highly intelligent. She has had a wealth of previous experience as a judge dealing with juveniles. (And she's married to a circuit judge.)

"Perhaps the greatest dissension in the [MJJSS] Committee came about over the insistence of John Howard associates that the courts have no jurisdiction or authority in the matter of runaways, truants, and children who are incorrigible," Justice Coleman tells me. "The compromise was effected in the Committee. This recommendation provides that such children may not be placed in any county or state 'security detention facility or institution.'

"It is difficult to define what is meant here. A number of constant runaways and very damaged incorrigibles are in need of residential placement with psychiatric assistance. Some cannot relate to one person or a family-type situation and will not stay in foster homes. My concern with the restrictions in this recommendation is that we may well be delegating some children in great need of help to a veritable 'trash can.' I guess I have seen enough such children rescued and given the advantages of a healthy and productive future to be unwilling to abandon them."

Amen to that.

"I agree that many children can be diverted from the official court system, and indeed my former court has been a pioneer in this respect," Justice Coleman continues. "Our program has been a model for other counties within the state and some in other states. Every 'first offender' or 'status offender' is screened . . . and most are retained on an unofficial basis whereby the children have no record but have the assistance of . . . any . . . agency-help required, including that of the schools. . . .

"Not all children or their families will accept voluntarily this kind of assistance, and many are too much damaged to be helped in such a non-authoritarian, informal manner. It is for these children I would leave the door open to the juvenile court in its official capacity."

One wonders whether the John Howard Association, and the majority on the MJJSSC, have any realistic notion of what happens to juveniles who cannot be controlled by their parents and (under the Howard and MJJSSC recommendations) could not be controlled by courts effectively or confined anywhere—no matter what their conduct. Many would become narcotics addicts and peddlers; others would become young criminals full time; not a few would be exploited by crazy pseudoreligious cults; some of the girls would enter brothels, or walk the streets. One can imagine bands of "wolf children" in great numbers, like those who perished on the streets and lanes of Russia during and after the Revolution. Reform of the treatment of delinquent minors is very badly needed, Mrs. Coleman points out. She earnestly seconds Judge Moore's proposal, in Michigan, for a Youth Authority or Office of Youth Services which would be a distinct department of the state government. State departments of social services tend to bury their responsibilities to children, she finds. It would be no remedy to appoint a mere "Youth Advisory Commission" which would be dominated by its own staff, and which staff, or some similar centralized bureaucratic apparatus, would deprive judges of their present control over these wayward juveniles.

A Youth Authority?

I know of cases in which judges of probate or juvenile courts have been arbitrary and foolish in their treatment of juveniles. Yet in general one can place more faith in the decisions of a judge—controlled by precedent and the concept of the reign of law, and accountable to somebody or other for his decisions—than in a centralized welfare bureaucracy. For just treatment of the erring young, and for intelligent improvement of their condition, what Justice Coleman proposes seems the better course: creating a special administrative department for the statewide concerns of the young, but retaining established juridical methods for controlling those boys and girls whom no one else can control. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

The Spirit of Twin Falls

Like it or not, I couldn't care less for your feelings, Evel Knievel is our Lindbergh. The Lone Eagle played by a door-to-door salesman: it's the best we can manage c. 1974. They look somewhat alike, blonds, much hair, handsome. But Knievel is huskier, husked, scar tissue laid down on scar tissue. And where Lindbergh stenciled *Post No Bills* on his private life, Knievel probably wears a sandwich sign to bed. You can understand that: it's tough to manufacture an Event these days, men have danced on the moon in our time. *The Spirit of St. Louis* opened an ocean to aviation; the Skycycle opened a lot of motel rooms in Twin Falls, Idaho. But what's left to do in an age that loathes heroism—burn your Master Charge card outside the Chilean Embassy? In another age they canonized Simeon Stylites for a refined sort of flagpole sitting. Today our heroisms, like our

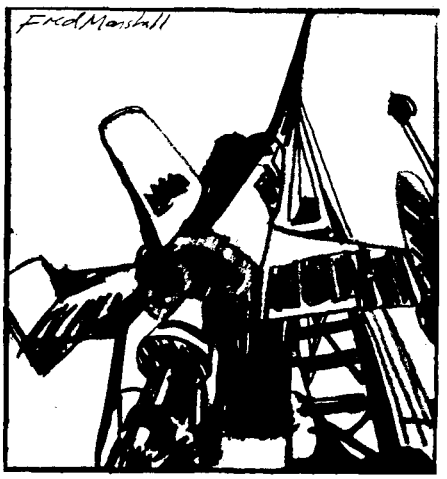
Neilsen ratings, are consensus affairs. Individualism is démodé. You noticed nobody volunteered to be the Catonsville One.

They've called it "the marketing of a suicide." Would you believe, the Ideal Toy Company and six others have their billboards right on Evel's launching ramp, equal time with Old Glory above. Next hearses will carry transit advertising on the tailgate. Every other personality, from Bobby Riggs on down, is wearing the Chuckles Candy bar insignia—red, yellow, black, orange, green—campaign ribbons from some eater's war. At the Garden, where my ticket cost $12.50, they've got Knievel sweatshirts and handkerchiefs. In the local toy department, my son says, every other gimmick is an Evel Knievel spinoff. If the cataclysm hits in a month or so, archaeologists will presume that the great God of our tribe did wheelies.

Norman Mailer is there, perhaps writing of a fire in the river. Five, six thousand others, but the four big color screens, hung like a die, compact them in cruciform sight lines. They are restless, most of all they dread being took; at those prices something better happen. The Sensational Parker and the last Wallenda warm up the audience, not much. Then some diligent slo-mo instant replays of an accident in the Evel Knievel motorcycle tournament. They insuck air, aaaaaah, reflective, as an anonymous young man goes 80 mph on the skin of his chest. It worries me, that aaaaah, but I'm wrong. People attend the stock cars, yes, to see anonymous people come apart. But not heroes, they want heroes to give doom the hairy bird. I tell you it now, it shouldn't surprise you in paragraph seven, billboards and all, Knievel's Snake River jump was one of the half dozen most moving, terrific moments I have had.

He comes out of the house trailer got up in white like Captain America, bouncing a neat cane. Ah, it's great theater; I eat it up. David Frost interviews him right to the crane lift, David Frost would have given us a play-by-play from every station of the cross. Mind you, Evel Knievel can talk a good line, he got where he is as much on mouth as horsepower. Sometimes I'm impressed; sometimes he's suspiciously glib. Right now I'd put up with anything. It'll do: "I'd rather be busted into the wind like a meteorite than just become dust. God made us to live, not just to exist. I'm ready." The cruciform crowd yowls: they love his gall. Knievel is taking an outrageous gamble for cash and the odd cojones.

First an invocation. Snickerings hedgeclip overhead. The Catholic priest is just too eventful; he's expansive as a Molly screw. Drone . . . "happy landings, whether on earth or heaven" . . . worsedrone. Then our National An-



them, for which no one rises, patriotism being unenforceable on closed circuit TV. "Ho-hum of the brave," four words least heard in America, the rhubarb-rhubarb of impatient sports crowds segueing up/over them. I'm ready too. The ballpoint won't write on wet thumbprints. I want to know how it will come out. By now Knievel is just crash helmet, fitted, sitting, a foot in his Skycycle shoe. Countdown begins, the new liturgy of this half hundred years. Suspense is millimeted out to us by technicians like a critical dosage. "Fifteen, fourteen . . . three, two . . ." And—

You see, we couldn't tell. Our perspective was crazy. Our sense of time had been foreshortened. The thing came rifling up, gorgeous, purposeful. And then a parachute deployed: over and over we'd been told that would mean success. A shout like the great glass of heaven splitting deployed over

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Madison Square Garden. It took the top of my head off. It was an Italian gesture figged at disbelief and cowardice. They wanted him to be alive on the other side. I hadn't expected that.

It didn't last. The canyon walls went down, went up, like so much curtaining. Knievel was dead. The shout cut off. It didn't die; it had no unkempt streamers of noise. It ended as lights go out. They had been made figures of fun, after all. A small mob momentarily unguarded in desire, taken, ripped off, suckered, not by Knievel, but by fate. The silence held, lushly shaped. They'd been had, not the first time. And for dignity's sake, they wanted that shout back.

But not their price of admission. The try was no hoax, I'll go hostage for that. Knievel tempted the Lord he believes in and got just what he probably deserved: not triumph, nor saleable martyrhood, but stalemate twenty feet from a most unmeteoric death in the Snake River. Suicide is a mortal sin, but at what odds does suicide become unacceptable risk? Forty years at the desk, providing, so much tax withheld, the ulcer opened, closed, opened, strikes me as an unacceptable risk also, and it hasn't much panache. How many Mack trucks can a man jump anyhow? One more: we require one more. It was a strategy: this single capitalization, so spectacular, so idiosyncratic that even Jimmy the Greek couldn't find form sheets to apply. Snake Canyon was heroism. The vulgarity doesn't detract from it: some vulgarity, assertiveness, is part of heroism, as it is part of capitalism. We're better for a few Evel Knievels; there aren't many more than that. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

A Last Day in Italy

TERONTOLA STATION, Sept. 1, 8:15 A.M. —This is the station nearest to us where the express trains going north and south stop, because the Perugia line branches off. Dozens of locals also stop here, taking people to and from work in this region south of Florence. More than ever, people take the trains now since gas costs $2 a gallon, which is more than even the gas-thrifty little Fiats can stand. The *autostrade* are empty, a strange sight. I am waiting for the Florence express, because I want to go and see the exhibition of the Last of the Medici, produced by the Detroit Art Institute and seen only in Detroit and Florence. Then I'll go on to Milan and Germany, to fly home from Frankfurt.

Terontola is a new little town, since the old one was destroyed during the war. The war was bad in these parts because of a last-defense line of the Germans, which brought much Allied bombing and, apart from that, a strong Partisan movement. The Germans behaved atrociously, shooting and hanging civilians; the most moving recollections of that time come from a volume of the memoirs of the country parish priests, parish for parish, detail for detail. Yet all is (or is it not really?) forgotten now, and German tourists and second-home owners are welcome in our parts, near Lake Trasimeno. A nearby village reminds us to this day of the great victory of Hannibal over the Romans: Ossaia, the place of the bones, where the Roman dead were buried.

All the trains are running late, the station master tells me. Why, he does not know, maybe because it's the end of the holidays and all the workers in Calabria and Sicily are going back to their work in Northern Italy. Rather than wait for the express, I decide to take a local to Florence.

FLORENCE, 1:30 P.M.—I am sitting in the first class waiting room. The local train was fun, and I taught three matrons and one youth how to knit in the German manner, which is different from the way the Italians knit. This is the way it came about. The three women were sitting on the other side of the aisle. Two were local ladies, I guessed (and rightly), the wife of a well-to-do farmer and her more citified sister, postmistress in a small town. With the open condescension all Italians north of Rome reserve for those from below Rome, they were listening to the wife of a Sicilian railroad employee on her way back to Florence, where they were stationed. After the usual exchanges—who was I, etc.—I took out my knitting, a yellow baby blanket for a yet unborn grandchild. Seeing the ladies' fascination with the way I was knitting I offered to teach them. Though they were dying to accept the offer, politeness prevailed with formal protestations of not wanting to put me to the trouble or disturb my progress. But they finally accepted and learned this alien way of doing a familiar thing with remarkable speed and ease, and without hurting my knitting. All this intrigued a lad of 18 or so who was traveling with two friends for a day's outing in Florence. Over his dead body, they managed to josh him into learning how to knit. Everybody in the carriage stood around us, with *bravo*, *forza* (strength), *coraggio* (courage), and similar encouragements for the lad, who managed a surprisingly good job of knitting several rows of the blanket.

The exhibition of the Last of the Medici at the Palazzo Pitti is interesting but not thrilling. It is all incredibly ornate late baroque and early eighteenth century stuff, with agitated bronzes depicting historical events and portraits of bloodless looking rulers.

MILAN, 10:30 P.M.—I am in a station restaurant, a refugee from the unbelievably jammed station. It is an ant heap of legitimate travelers, soldiers on leave with no place to go but money to spend, and what looks like the whole of the Milan underworld up to no good. With hours to spare before my train, I tried to phone friends, but no luck. The telephone office, with some thirty booths, is jammed like the rest of the station. Apart from agitated travelers who have lost their connections because of late trains, there are the usual homesick workers from Southern Italy, calling home as a Sunday treat.

As I elbow my way out, a timid voice asks me if I talk English. It comes from a tall, innocent-looking, and modestly dressed black girl, who says that she does not know what to do and could I call these numbers for her. She is an 18-year-old Jamaican from London called Rosa, who is going as a nursemaid to some Italian children. But she missed her plane and took a train instead, and there is no one to meet her. I call her numbers, but not a soul is in. I call some of her out of town numbers, in Tuscany, but nobody answers. What is Rosa to do? She has hardly any money, and she is beginning to be afraid of the kind men in the information booth who told her they could place her in a night club. Finally I call the English Consul at home; he tells me of a *pension* to which Rosa can go, and he promises to call the *pension* to explain. He assures me they will get Rosa to the Consulate first thing in the

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morning; they are used to looking after stranded British innocents.

As I talk to the Consul, two scoundrels from the information booth turn up, to take Rosa to dinner, they say. Rosa is scared, weeps, and hides behind my skirts. I curse them loudly, threatening to report them to the police for black slave traffic, take down their names for the purpose—and they flee. The customs man congratulates me and, having observed Rosa, says I am right to think she is an honest girl. I bundle Rosa into a cab; take her to the friendly Italian *pension* alerted by the Consul; pay for her dinner, lodgings, and a cab; and pat her on the back. She wants my name and address to tell me what happens, and we shall see if she does write. The friendly *pension* people swear to me that they won't let her out, since she is just simple enough to want to take an evening stroll. I call the Consul once more to tell him how things stand.

Now I am back at the station, eating dinner, waiting for my train, and understanding fully, for the first time in my life, how it is that goodness and innocence don't necessarily prevent a girl from going on the skids. If I had not met Rosa, I wouldn't have believed that her like still existed in 1974. □

SHAKESPEARE

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Olivier

When several of Laurence Olivier's Shakespeare films came back to New York recently, it occurred to me that he has not performed a Shakespearean role in this country for nearly a quarter of a century. The last one was Antony, in 1951, to his then-wife Vivien Leigh's Cleopatra. The only previous one was Romeo, to Leigh's Juliet, in 1940. His Shakespearean reputation here rests largely on his films: *Henry V*, *Hamlet*, *Richard III*, and *Othello*. So handsome are they, and so electrifying is Olivier's reading of their verse, that no adverse critical estimate of them should deter him who hasn't seen them.

But. These same films also embody the much that is wrong with Olivier's Shakespearean conceptions, and with Shakespearean productions in general. Apropos of the theatrical gimmickry so often inflicted on the poet, *Time*'s T. E.

Kalem has remarked that it all suggests a fear that the greatest playwright who ever lived can't be counted on to hold an audience without "help." Directors live in deathly fear of being thought stodgy, and I have heard of a production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in which all the males had light bulbs in their codpieces, which lit up at moments of amorousness.

Olivier's tampering is of a different order. The first of his Shakespeare films, *Henry V*, a wartime film he himself produced to build English morale, may be forgiven for scanting Henry's bloody egotism—not that Olivier would have noticed it anyway. His Richard III is widely regarded as one of his greatest roles; though some complained that he made Richard a cackling buffoon, his humor pays off in the cobra-like danger it conveys when it snaps off. But Henry and Richard are not really great Shakespearean heroes. Hamlet and Othello are. And the difference is not so much in the stature of the heroes themselves as in the texture of the plays they inhabit. *Richard III* is all theatrical flourish, and can bear a little toying; but cutting a speech from *Hamlet* can be like removing the oboe part from a Mozart symphony. The great roles are traps for actors precisely because they are more than mere "vehicles."

Olivier based his production of *Hamlet* on the theory of psychoanalyst Ernest Jones that Hamlet's problem is an Oedipus complex. One of the many problems with such a simplifying interpretation is that it makes so much of the play irrelevant. If Hamlet only yearns to possess his mother, what in hell has Fortinbras got to do with the price of butter in Denmark? Let alone speeches about what's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, or how in the corrupted currents of this world, offense's gilded hand may shove by justice. And all that stuff was either cut, or nudged into the background while the camera showed where the *real* action was: Hamlet and Gertrude nuzzling, while Claudius, audible but hardly noticeable, was talking poetry; the royal bed of Denmark, solemnly zoomed in on by the camera, while William Walton's music, like a concerto for eight pairs of cymbals, conveyed the gravity of the matter; etc.

Othello was filmed, but it wasn't really a film. The idea was simply to make Olivier's stage performance available around the world. Good. But the passivity of the camera was not much help, since Olivier the actor distorted the play singlehandedly by doing it Professor Leavis' way: not the noble Moor, but the jealous Moor, the vain warrior with the built-in Iago. Olivier explained in interviews that he thought the "old" Othello (i.e., Shakespeare's) would appear insufferably gullible to a modern audience. The upshot was to impart a heavy sarcasm to Othello's most innocent words. The night brawl on Cyprus, ingeniously ignited by Iago, became a transparent prank, so that "I know, Iago, thy honesty and love doth mince this matter, making it light to Cassio," sounded like "I know you're lying, you bastard, but I can't prove it."

In the Thirties, Olivier played Iago as a homosexual infatuated with Othello (Ernest Jones again). In 1959, he played Coriolanus' death scene *à la* Mussolini, hanging upside down. And last year ABC presented his Shylock, which was, as you might expect, the bleeding-heart Shylock: still, it was powerfully and plausibly done—until his final exit. Then he cut loose, offstage, with a howl of grief that interrupted—well, Shakespeare. It was just a dirty lowdown trick on the text.

Sometimes one hears rumbles that he plans to do Lear again, for the first time since 1947. I hope he does. I hope he films it. And most of all, I hope he doesn't read anything that Freud or Jan Kott or Leslie Fiedler may have written on the subject. Let him give one of his straightforward, trumpet-tongued performances; and his sins will be forgiven. As if they wouldn't be anyway. □

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BOOKS

Brief for the Offense

Without Cloak or Dagger
By Miles Copeland
Simon & Schuster, 351 pp., $8.95

JAMES BURNHAM

Apprentice authors of spy stories will find Miles Copeland's new book a sound investment, tax deductible as a training expense, and even old hands could probably pick up a few pointers. As bonus, Appendix C gives you a do-it-yourself double-talk code; Appendix D, a sample system for arranging covert meetings; and Appendix E, a "one-time pad" code that Copeland guarantees to be unbreakable, Edgar Allan Poe notwithstanding.

In one capacity or another, Miles Copeland has been in or near the "intelligence community" since OSS days, and he draws amply and engagingly from firsthand knowledge. To explain what sort of people become "spies" (agents), for example, he doesn't rely on psychological abstractions but tells us the stories of four Americans whose careers as Soviet agents have been used as case histories in CIA training courses. There is " 'Emily,' an attractive but shy lady who, one spring evening in 1950, met a kindly, handsome man of about forty whom we may call 'Foster.' Emily was personal assistant to the Assistant Secretary of State. . . . Foster didn't want anything, not even sex, and he took no interest whatever in Emily's job. He seemed genuinely to enjoy Emily's company, and he knew all sorts of cozy little restaurants. . . . Foster, an officer of the USSR's secret intelligence service, was putting Emily through what is known . . . as 'prerecruitment development.' " The second type is "the 'Mickey'—the 'walk-in' spy who, because of special knowledge and experience was able to get in touch with a foreign intelligence service . . . without being spotted." Then the "Philby" (this type name taken from the British example)—"the long-term agent, recruited in his youth," and finally, "the 'Willie'—the spy who is actually working for one intelligence service but who, for at least part of his career, is led by his 'principal' to believe he is working for another."

Enriched and enlivened with such seasoning of specifics, Copeland's easy, readable prose introduces us to the intricacies of espionage and counterespionage, "residents" and their "stations," sneakies and screechies, drops and "special projects," their intelligence apparatus and ours. We become acquainted with CIA's most hidden cadres, such as the jovial Mother, Kingfish, the Fisherman, Jojo, and Lady Windermere. It is Mother who organized the Octopus system for the counterterrorist operation that he runs, and we sit with Mother in his office at Langley headquarters that "is fitted out as a spacious hunting lodge, with beams crossing a slanting ceiling . . . and a well stocked bar."

COPELAND, however, is not out merely to inform and entertain us. "As I see the flood of misinformation on spies and counterspies that is passed out to the public . . . I become strongly tempted to tell all I know on this subject which has occupied most of my working life. . . . My knowledge of the business is from the inside, and it has been sufficiently across-the-board to keep me from making the mistakes of those disgruntled CIA specialists who left the Agency to write exposés." The last phrase indicates what seems to be the primary, if implicit, purpose of *Without Cloak or Dagger*: to defend CIA against those exposés that have been given so active a play in the last few years by book publishers and the media.

In short, Copeland has written an informal brief for the CIA. If I were a cynical type I might wonder whether his book is a working instance of a CIA covert (black or maybe grey) operation of the kind he describes.

Copeland does not state his case systematically, but it may be summarized as follows: 1) We live in a global situation that includes *a*) nuclear weapons that are a continuous and total threat to our security; *b*) a number of nations, principally the Communist nations, or "Bloc" in Copeland's usual phrase, that are basically hostile and are actively implementing their hostility by many kinds of clandestine, subversive, and revolutionary as well as conventional means; and *c*) powerful, growing, and ruthless terrorist groups operating across as well as within national boundaries. 2) Conventional police and military methods are inadequate for defense under these given conditions. 3) We must have a further defense mechanism able to use unconventional and when necessary clandestine means to get the information we require about what is going on and to carry out special types of counteraction. 4) Therefore the CIA is necessary and justified.

I find the three premises convincing. I am afraid, however, that Copeland does not quite make the jump to the conclusion in a manner sufficient to answer all the allegations made by the disgruntled. To say that *a* central intelligence agency, or something of the sort, is necessary and justified—which does follow from the premises—is not the same thing as to say, as Copeland does, that our present CIA is in all respects just what the doctor ordered. He overstates his case, really. He does not make a single criticism of the Agency, its personnel, or any of its operations. "Through all the Agency's

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: The unmaking of England is chronicled by Clive Irving in *Pox Britannica* (Saturday Review Press, $7.95).... Fletcher Knebel's new potboiler, *The Bottom Line*, is a novel that invades Executive Suite (Doubleday, $7.95). . . . Can't guess why Sol Barzman calls his book on our Vice Presidents *Madmen and Geniuses* (Follett, $8.95). . . . *NR* contributor John Murray Cuddihy examines *The Ordeal of Civility: Freud, Marx, Lévi-Strauss, and the Jewish Struggle with Modernity* (Basic, $11.95).

■ NOVEMBER BOOKS: *My Life*, the long-awaited memoirs of Cardinal Mindszenty, is Macmillan's big fall title ($9.95). The same house will also feature the latest of C. L. Sulzberger's diaries, *Postscript with a Chinese Accent* (covering 1972-73; $10), and *The Forties*, a followup by former *Times*man Cabell Phillips to his *1929-1939* of a few years back ($12.50). . . . William Manchester's first book after his Kennedy trauma is a sprawling narrative history called *America! America! 1932-1972*. Included are "biographies" of Marilyn Monroe, Ed Murrow, the Edsel—and Karl Hess (Little, Brown, $20).

George Walsh's *Gentleman Jimmy Walker* recaptures the day when it *was* Fun City (Praeger, $8.95). . . . *Joan! The Reluctant Kennedy* is guaranteed innocuous. Author Lester David has flacked two other Clan books (Crowell, $6.95). . . . Writers like Frank Mankiewicz need more than one book to get rid of their Nixon obsession. Now it's *The Final Crisis of Richard Nixon* (Quadrangle, $8.95). The same publisher mixes Tom Wicker and Attica, and the result is likely to make you feel it's *A Time to Die* ($8.95). . . . *Just between Us Blacks*, Carl Rowan won't protest if a few honkies buy his book (Random, $5.95). The same publisher assembles the last poems of Auden, *Thank You, Fog* ($6).

C. Northcote Parkinson's view of *Big Business* is less than dewy-eyed (Little, Brown, $9.95). . . . Henry Hazlitt calls for *A New Constitution Now* (Arlington, $8.95). For the same house, Tibor R. Machan exposes *The Pseudo-Science of B. F. Skinner* ($9.95). . . . Brian Montgomery, a relative of Monty, profiles him in *A Field Marshal in the Family* (Taplinger, $14.95). . . . In *Popular Culture and High Culture*, Herbert Gans has kind words for the former (Basic, $10). . . . Walter Trohan ran the *Chicago Trib*'s Washington Bureau for three decades, reminisces in *Memoirs of a Sentimental Cynic* (Doubleday, $6.95). For the same house, John Brooks selects excerpts from some entrepreneurial giants to fashion *The Autobiography of American Business* ($10), and a posthumous autobiographical work by Thomas E. Dewey harkens back to his years *Smashing the Crime Wave* ($12.50).

organizing and reorganizing," he declares without qualification, it "has had no penetration, no important leaks, no 'blown' operations of size to embarrass the government, and a string of successes that testify to its efficiency." He quotes as if reliable a statement Kim Philby "is supposed to have told his Soviet debriefer: 'Foreign agencies spying on the U.S. Government know exactly what one certain person in CIA wants them to know, and no more and no less.' " And, yes, Copeland assures us on page 303: "There are no careless or stupid people in the Agency." If Copeland and his old CIA friends believe such nonsense our national intelligence apparatus is in even worse shape than charged by the most virulent critics.

Nor does Copeland squarely confront the questions that have been posed by sober as well as disgruntled critics. Has the requirement that many intelligence operations must be secret been transformed into an unnecessary, inefficient, unworkable, and fearfully expensive cult of secrecy? Is there any objective justification for combining intelligence with clandestine operations (dirty tricks) in a single organization? Granted that there should be a secret central intelligence agency, what is the objective proof, in terms of results and cost-efficiency analysis, that it must be as big and expensive as our CIA?

AND THEN, of course, there is the whole range of questions about the role of an organization like CIA in a democratic society. Some of these concern the matter of secrecy, as we have been made grievously aware during the past few years. Still more important questions surround the problem of power. Copeland does write about the latter, but his conclusions are not reassuring:

"The Agency has coordinated into one 'availability pool' the resources of American and foreign personality-data files . . . so as to make itself the world's largest repository of personality data. By the time the present drive for data is completed, there will be a file of some kind on practically every person in the world who in any way comes to the official notice of his own government or of the U.S. Government. The CIA is also the world's repository of political, sociological, economic, military, and scientific data. If it isn't already, the CIA may well become 'the world's most powerful governmental agency,' as one columnist called it, since it has access to the most knowledge, and the ability to keep that knowledge to itself."

AS FOR any danger from this power concentration, Copeland rejects Lord Acton: "*Removing the dangers inherent in a 'powerful' government agency is not a matter of decreasing the power, but of ensuring that those who exercise it are incorruptible and truly responsive to public interest*" (the italics are his). This ensuring is to be done, and can be done, on Copeland's analysis, only by the agency itself, since because of its system of "fuses" and the absoluteness of its internal security, no outsider—not even the President or the Congress—can get it to do anything except what its inner cadre ("the old boy net," "the gentlemen's club," "the cabal") believes to be in the interest of the nation and of "the CIA *as* an instrument of American democracy." Copeland gives specific and multiple examples of this immunity from presidential and congressional control.

So who, then, will guard these guardians? □

Energy: The New Era
By S. David Freeman
Walker, 386 pp., $14.50

SLIPPERY OIL

ALAN REYNOLDS

Mr. Freeman received a lot of press attention during the energy crisis by virtue of his position as head of the Ford Foundation Energy Policy Project—a device for channeling millions of tax-exempt dollars into routine and forgettable "studies." Freeman's expertise is derived mainly from many years of work experience as a lawyer and engineer with the TVA and Federal Power Commission. All too predictably, he is a relentless advocate of more taxpayer-subsidized research, more TVA-type

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government enterprises, and more FPC-style price controls and shortages.

Opinions aside, Freeman's loose handling of factual material certainly inspires little confidence: "Egypt and Syria have no oil" (Egypt has oodles of oil); "production in the nations with the largest oil reserves . . . is entirely in the hands of American companies" (BP is strong in Kuwait, and many oil states have nationalized most oil production); "90 per cent of the refining capacity in the United States is controlled by the major oil companies" (true only if "major" means the top thirty or so, including biggies like Clark and Petrofina); "during the 12-year period 1960 through 1972 . . . we did not increase our capacity to extract fuels from the earth, or to convert them into gasoline, fuel oil, and electricity" (nonsense).

When statements aren't flatly wrong, they are often misleading. "An independent," says Freeman, "pays 50 per cent taxes while the major integrated company pays 7 per cent." No U.S. company pays 50 per cent—the average on domestic earnings is about 40 per cent. Some "independents" are integrated, some "majors" aren't; some independents are multinational, some majors aren't. Certain multinational companies paid about 7 per cent of worldwide income in U.S. taxes in certain years, plus many billions in other domestic and foreign taxes. Would Freeman get a Ford Foundation grant to suggest that British Ford should pay full U.S. taxes—plus British taxes—on cars made and sold in Europe? Would Ford agree that twenty firms supplying 30 or 40 per cent of the market indicates "a considerable degree of concentration"—as Freeman says of the natural gas business?

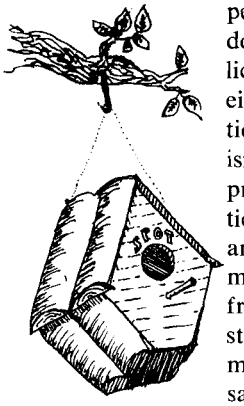
Freeman defends price controls on natural gas through the simple expedient of ignoring all research on the subject—notably that of Paul MacAvoy for the Brookings Institution. The key argument here is that gas is a free by-product of the search for oil, but one could as well say that oil is a free by-product of the search for gas. Controlling the price of one of two such jointly produced products simply raises the price of the uncontrolled portion, and of substitutes. If you hold the price of beef down, the resulting shortage will raise the price of hides (a joint product) and poultry (a substitute). Similarly, if you hold the price of domestic natural gas down, the resulting shortage will raise the price of oil (a joint product) and imported liquefied natural gas (a substitute). By blending overpriced imports with underpriced domestic gas or oil, distributors end up with about the same market price, but the policy encourages import dependency. Freeman doesn't mind thus subsidizing foreign producers: "high-priced imports of gas from the Soviet Union may offer overriding benefits in non-energy areas that justify approval."

Freeman has trouble with even more basic concepts of economics. He cites the fact that "only one-third of the oil found in a petroleum reservoir is lifted out" as an example of "waste." Yet the fact that the other two-thirds was left in the ground indicates that its recovery costs were greater than society was willing to reimburse. Freeman's idea of conservation likewise ignores the truism that cost is the alternatives given up. He wants to use our most costly and least accessible resources first, and save the cheap stuff for later. On such economic matters, the reader would do better to consult Edward Mitchell's marvelous primer, *U.S. Energy Policy* (American Enterprise Institute, 103 pp., $3).

The evident desire to adopt fashionable views leads Mr. Freeman to some curious reasoning. Thesis: we used domestic reserves too quickly ("The nation opted for a policy of 'Drain America First' "). Antithesis: we used foreign reserves when we should have used domestic ("If the U.S. allows itself to become steadily more dependent on Arab oil, the threat of interruption will be a growing threat"). Synthesis: we did not use domestic reserves quickly enough ("Energy producers may sit on their reserves if they believe they can make more money developing them later"). Every inconsistent bogy of ecological hysteria is uncritically repeated, as if by rote. Either the polar ice caps will melt, or we will run full speed into a new ice age—that sort of thing.

Market forces cannot be relied upon, Freeman feels, because budgets put no limit whatsoever on irrational behavior. Homeowners will not "spend an extra nickel" to save many dollars in the energy bills. Gasoline prices could approach infinity without preventing people from buying "large, gas-guzzling cars." At the producing end, says Freeman, "it seems unlikely that the industry will launch the kind of dramatic increase in drilling that would appreciably expand domestic oil production." In fact, there was a 61 per cent increase in the number of exploratory oil wells completed in the second quarter, despite the controls-induced shortage of steel pipe (some used fiberglass).

"The marketplace doesn't pay much attention to the future," says Freeman, "because investments that don't pay out for many years are seldom profitable." This is the flimsy rationale for "a massive federally funded research and development effort." Yet Freeman acknowledges "the failure of our leaders to give the future a high enough priority," criticizes "the government's singleminded devotion to atomic energy," and notes the "Federal Government's gross failure to exercise its responsibility" as the owner of most resource-rich land. Actually, politicians rarely look beyond the next election, while corporate life is potentially infinite and corporate managers have every incentive to anticipate the future. If the discounted present value of expected future income does not justify private expenditures, then it doesn't justify public expenditures either. Nationalization of research isn't any more promising than nationalization of anything else. Freeman even draws from oil industry studies on geothermal energy at the same time that he advances an unsupported theory that industry will *never* undertake such research (they spent $660 million on basic laboratory research in 1973).



In an unguarded conclusion, Free-

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man suggests that "America may find that China will become the model" for the future because China makes lumber from sawdust (so do we), while our lumber mills "burn scrap" (for fuel). He neglects to mention that the Chinese beehive doesn't waste anything—except human beings—because they don't have anything to waste.

The book is much longer and more repetitive than necessary. If the factual and logical errors were removed, it might make a fair article. □

FICTION

Laughable Loves
By Milan Kundera
Knopf, 242 pp., $6.95
Life Is Elsewhere
By Milan Kundera
Knopf, 289 pp., $6.95

WRITING WELL IN THE WRONG PLACES

CHARLES NICOL

It doesn't pay to write well in Czechoslovakia. Indeed, having taken away Kundera's job and his membership in the Communist Party and banned his works, the state now confiscates nearly all his foreign royalties as well, under a law that in practice applies to only ten people. One wonders whether even Kundera, whose sense of the comic is extremely vigorous, can find humor in this official pettiness from the people's state.

Kundera is, however, no Solzhenitsyn, and it would be a mistake to look for extremes of dissidence in these two books, both written before his expulsion from the Party. His politics might best be described as socialist libertarian, and he is closely identified with the unfortunate Dubček regime—more a reformer than a radical. Kundera's off-and-on membership in the Party was presumably neither hypocrisy nor a sellout, for a "proletarian" stance has always been popular in Czechoslovakia. Its relationship with Russia during the twentieth century has been ambiguous rather than continually brutal; apparently the Stalinist excesses after the Second World War came as one surprise, and the encamped Russian army that forced Dubček's resignation in 1968 came as another. Kundera's earlier novel *The Joke*, about a man whose comic postcard to his girl friend gets him arrested, had considerable political bite, yet under the impetus of the reform movement in Czechoslovakia it was published in Prague in 1967.

Kundera's fiction is outspoken, but never polemic. His basic concern is with the tricks people play on themselves rather than on the state, and a man may make a fool of himself under any political system; for Kundera, the central arena for the absurdity of humankind is the relations of men and women. Even though the short stories of *Laughable Loves* were published in Czechoslovakia in 1968 at the height of liberalization, they are almost entirely apolitical.

Life Is Elsewhere, completed in June 1969 after the reform movement had crumpled, either took more chances or simply led in more dangerous directions. It makes some pointed remarks about imprisonment and torture during the years after the war, and pokes bitter fun at the childishness of revolutionary fervor. Its misguided hero's act of Party loyalty leads to his girl friend's imprisonment and probably to her brother's death. Whether or not Kundera realized that his novel would be refused publication, he has not recanted; thrust into official darkness, now he is bled of all his standing by each relentless little tick of an *apparatchik* of the gross new hardline bureaucracy.

Still, *Life Is Elsewhere* is not a political novel, but the fictional biography of a lyric poet. Indeed, Kundera intends to be general as well as specific: he gives us the biography of *all* lyric poets, and the comedy lies in the specific application of the general rule. Thus it begins, "Exactly when and where was the poet conceived?"—and only at the end of a chapter full of reference to "the poet" (absurd references, of course, since they apply only to a fetus) is he finally born and named Jaromil. Predestined to be a poet, Jaromil must pass through the rituals of a poet's biography. "Lyric poets generally come from homes run by women," says Kundera, citing extensive evidence, so Jaromil is brought up and dominated by his jealous mother. Incidents and poems presented at their logical place in Jaromil's biography turn out to belong instead to the lives and works of Rimbaud, Mayakovsky, Lermontov, Keats, Shelley, or a Czech poet of similar stature, Wolker or Halas—all revolutionaries, lovers of death and escape, lyric poets who died young, romantics who saw the world as a reflection of their own faces. Jaromil is amusing because he is predictable.

KUNDERA always finds his comedy in the gap between a man's postures and his real relation to the world. And since the lyric poet eternally poses and is always out of touch with reality, he is the perfect comic character; he "longs to go out into the world, but because he is afraid of the real world, he continually fools himself. Lyric poetry has the fleeting genius of immaturity, and the poet dramatizes situations he fails to understand, nevertheless transforming them into rich verse. The one girl with whom Jaromil goes to bed is a mousy clerk he accidentally acquired while pursuing her attractive friend. It scarcely matters. He becomes a Communist revolutionary, since "the more I make love, the more I want to make revolution—the more I make revolution the more I want to make love"—a slogan from the student uprising at the Sorbonne, cited by Kundera. Any girl will do, any revolution. Within and behind the comedy lies the implication that Communism is a homely girl indeed.

Since Kundera's short stories are studies in motivation, their characters are as fully and carefully drawn as those in his novels. His world is made up of people, and he wastes no time on scene painting. Trapped in their own poses, his characters are forced to learn more about themselves in order to break free, and sometimes these dives into the dark waters of the psyche go beyond comedy altogether. In "The Hitchhiking Game" two lovers on vacation amuse themselves by playing the roles of a girl hitchhiker and the man who picks her up. First the game is a relief from their normal pattern of courtship, since the masks of other personalities allow them a sudden freedom to voice their hidden complaints with each other and their hidden fears. But this builds new resentments and ends in humiliation. They had been lovers precisely because they feared the masks they have now put on, and even when the masks are again put aside the frightful knowledge remains.

Most of the stories have a lighter

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tone. Two of them are about a Dr. Havel, a gentle, aging Don Juan. The first of these, "A Symposium," chronicles the primarily sexual impulses of five members of a hospital staff as they drink wine in the late hours of a night shift. If "The Hitchhiking Game" had the taut lines of Roman Polanski's *Knife in the Water*, "A Symposium" is an internalized bedroom farce like Ingmar Bergman's *Smiles of a Summer Night*.

As always, Knopf's books are attractive and bound in signatures. These two held up on a camping trip with a baby, a dog, and a three-inch rain. The type face used in the headings didn't seem appropriate to the author's style, but nevertheless, no other publisher seems to have as much respect for the reading public. Kundera certainly deserves to be given the red carpet abroad—especially since's he's on the red carpet at home. □

On Wings of Song: A Biography of Felix Mendelssohn
By Wilfrid Blunt
Scribner's, 288 pp., illus., $17.50

GENTEEL GENIUS

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

Why, asks his latest biographer, is Felix Mendelssohn still "despised and rejected by some who ought to know better?" Possibly, he speculates, because he was "rich and charming and successful; a good son, a devoted husband, and an affectionate father. If a composer is a homosexual (Tchaikovsky), a woman-iz[er] (Liszt), a supercad (Wagner), a consumptive exile (Chopin), or a Bohemian (Schubert), he is at once appropriate material for novels or films or television; Mendelssohn was none of these things."

Thank God. But it does seem a shame that his musical reputation has, as Wilfrid Blunt maintains, suffered on account of his essential healthiness and decency. Mendelssohn was that greatest of rarities, a child prodigy who did not grow into an adult monstrosity. His parents, ambitious but cultivated Berlin Jews who could afford the best tutors, had Felix and his equally talented sister, Fanny, rigorously trained from earliest childhood. But in between the exhausting music lessons, they led a happy, varied life, open to a wide social circle of artists, writers, philosophers, and men of business.

The result, in the case of Felix, was a high strung but well balanced mind and a basically happy artist. Not for him the emotional exhibitionism (in and out of art) of the extreme romantics. His music, like his playing of the piano, was inspired but precise, subtle but not obscure, and never histrionic. This is not to say that it was devoid of feeling. On the contrary, many critics resent the presence in much of his work of that great modern bugaboo, "sentiment." Like his own love affairs and friendships, the emotion in Mendelssohn's music is warm, good-natured—sweet if you like it, saccharine if you don't. He neither bled nor bellowed, and some people have never forgiven him for it.

As a music critic and young fogy, George Bernard Shaw, whose anti-Victorianism poisoned his attitude toward many of the great recognized talents of the nineteenth century, grumbled that Mendelssohn's Third Symphony, a really splendid work, "would be great if it were not so confoundedly genteel." It never seemed to occur to GBS that it might be possible to be both. A far greater mind, Goethe, felt differently and hailed Felix's talent while he was still a child, sensing in the young Mendelssohn an artist of balance who combined the intellectual discipline of the eighteenth century with some of the feeling and breadth of the nineteenth. As a convert to Christianity, Felix also composed some genuinely moving religious music, including his *Elijah* oratorio, still widely performed in England.

The success of this piece must particularly have enraged Richard Wagner, who was both violently anti-Semitic and rather down on organized Christianity. Yet even Wagner gave Mendelssohn credit for being able to capture mood, landscape, and natural elements in music. Some of Wagner's own works bear imitative traces of Mendelssohn's musical "landscaping."

Felix did not confine his landscaping to music, however, and one of the nicest things about this pictorial biography is the inclusion of a number of his charming sketches and watercolors, depicting Italy, Switzerland, and Germany as they were during his lifetime. These and the extensive series of family and social circle portraits by his brother-in-law, the talented but now forgotten Wilhelm Hensel, make this volume considerably more valuable an illustrated life than most coffee table tomes.

Mr. Blunt also gives Mendelssohn his due as the single most important factor in the nineteenth century revival of the music of J. S. Bach. Felix not only admired the master's work at a time when it was ignored by most, but actively popularized it as a conductor and soloist. For this alone, he deserves remembering and, in Wilfrid Blunt, he has found a warm and witty memorialist. □

O'Neill: Son and Artist
By Louis Sheaffer
Little, Brown, 750 pp., $15

EXALTATION OF TRAGEDY

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

While it takes time in building, the ultimate force of this second volume of Mr. Sheaffer's double-decker biography of Eugene O'Neill is tremendous. It is worth bearing with the book while it gets up steam, if only because the lag is understandable.

After 1920 O'Neill's exterior life was relatively uneventful; with his third wife, even more than with his second, he lived almost as a recluse, dividing his time between swimming and writing. His life and work were singularly detached from the careers of his literary contemporaries: long before a "familial tremor" prevented him from writing altogether, the playwright was insisting that the contemporary theater and its practitioners left him cold, and that the only impulse which kept him at his workbench was his desire to accomplish the really "big thing." Consequently, Sheaffer's *O'Neill* falls far short of, say, Mark Schorer's *Sinclair Lewis: An American Life* as a literary portrait of the 1920s and 1930s, two monumental decades in the history of American letters. Consequently too, it is more inter-

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esting as a psychological portrait than as the chronology of O'Neill's active doings, but what it lacks in scope and surface drama it makes up for in emotional intensity.

Like an O'Neill play, the book is freighted with drab inconsequentials and worn, bare spots, including patches of clumsy prose. Like an O'Neill play too, it finds its grip in the end. The volume begins with the death of O'Neill's father James, an actor famous for the title role in *The Count of Monte Cristo*, whose last words were "This sort of life—froth!" and who journeyed to the cemetery swaddled in the swell uniform of the Knights of Columbus and with a sword strapped to his carcass. At this time, the dramatist he sired has 700 pages of life ahead of him, but as Gene once put it, "Nothing strikes deeper in the American character than the fear of death," and so the Furies flutter and the odor of the columbarium clings threateningly until in due time O'Neill himself, hopped up with Nembutal by Carlotta Monterey, dies quietly in 1953 in a Boston hotel room.

O'Neill's life was of the sort that Thomas Wolfe dreamt of as a boy in Asheville, N.C., and tried as a man to emulate in New York City. It epitomized the life of The Writer and might have smelled of *Redbook* and the MGM studios save for the fact that O'Neill, who was almost totally preoccupied with his art and let the other chips of his life fall as they might, never consciously shaped it as such. "Art may not be for art's sake," Gordon Craig wrote in *The Theater Advancing*, "but the artist is surely for the artist's sake." Surely this was true of O'Neill, who was deeply attached to the children he woefully neglected so as to devote his life to self-expression and who explained to their mother, Agnes Boulton, that "It is only that I am a bit inexpressive about what I feel toward them." Carlotta, his third and last wife, told Sheaffer that "He didn't really love me, I don't think he ever loved anybody—just his work."

The family in whose emotional toils he was caught was not the family at whose head he sat but the family into which he was born. His emotional orientation was that of a son, not a husband or a father—a desperate failing, but one which was the ember of his creative genius. He worked out his life —which came increasingly to mean his childhood—on paper. The result was a string of dramatic masterpieces, and another string of lost and miserable children, only one of whom—his daughter Oona—ever achieved emotional stability.

O'Neill was forever an unhappy man, who lacked respect for the condition in which happy men exist. Asked why his plays never ended on a rosy note, he replied that he would "write about happiness if I ever happen to meet up with that luxury, and find it sufficiently dramatic and in harmony with any deep rhythm of life. . . . I know there is more [exaltation] in one real tragedy than in all the happy-ending plays ever written." "The tragedy of life," he believed, "is what makes it worthwhile." He found sardonic amusement in the criticism, frequently leveled against him, that tragedy is alien to the Ameri-

can mind: "Tragedy not native to our soil? Why, we are tragedy, the most appalling yet written or unwritten!" But he remained true to his Greek inspiration: tragedy is fate, and fate leaves no exit. Thus he spared himself the blowsy delusions of the artist as uplifter and upblower.

When George Jean Nathan opined to him in 1939 that Sean O'Casey's latest creation was smeared with the clichés of the doctrinaire Left, O'Neill—who detested rich socialites—replied that, "When an artist starts saving the world, he starts losing himself. . . . The interesting thing about people is . . . that they don't really want to be saved." At the conclusion of the rehearsal period for *The Iceman Cometh* some morally besotted actor, probing for the lump of social commitment that such fauna are convinced lies behind the creative impulse, asked O'Neill to describe himself politically. "A philosophical anarchist," answered Gene, "which means—Go to it, but leave me out of it!"

Sheaffer has a good deal to say about O'Neill's theater: he tries scrupulously and often naively to tie the playwright's art to his personal experience. The result is that to read Sheaffer is to reread a lot of O'Neill, some of which appears at this remove to have been mediocre stuff. Well before O'Neill's death the spear carriers of the latest crop of Young Intellectuals — including Eric Bentley, who had the good fortune to have *his* plays bequeathed him—were out in force to puncture his hide. No doubt the devotees of the theater of the cerebellum could not have been expected to hold in respect an author who, upon reading Sartre, asked, in reference to the existentialists, "Do they know what it's all about?" Though O'Neill had been one of his generation's most fertile experimenters—most especially in the use of masks—the expressionists left him unconvinced that there was any way to get to an audience other than through emotionally convincing *dramatis personae*.

He was an artist who felt, rather than thought deeply, and when, as in his favorite of his own works, *The Great God Brown*, he tried to be philosophically profound, the result was inevitably a collection of pretentious banalities that sounded more like Carlotta's conversation than like the considered writings of a Nobel laureate. But when he neglected to think, as in *Long Day's Journey into Night*, he created theater that was of a very rare caliber indeed. Joseph Wood Krutch wrote of *Mourning Becomes Electra* that, "Once more, we have a great play which does not 'mean' anything in the sense that the plays of Ibsen and Shaw mean something; but one which does, on the contrary, mean the same thing that *Oedipus* and *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* mean—namely, that human beings are great and terrible creatures when they are in the grip of great passions, and that the spectacle of them is not only absorbing but at once horrible and cleansing."

Life was, in the final analysis, meaningless to O'Neill, his own included. Weak, tremulous, imprisoned by the strong-willed wife who made him frequently miserable but who was suited to his temperament as was no other woman, he described himself in his last years as "a wet anemic fly crawling up a cold windowpane." But a noble man in his way, and a very great artist. □

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WAUGH

(Continued from page 1238)

culminating in a demented letter from the Taunton tax collector threatening to seize all the furniture in my house. Obviously he was not aware that none of it belongs to me, or that he will find himself in prison if he seizes so much as a broken teapot before my return this year. But that is not the point. My point is that even if I buy myself a Union Jack waistcoat and eat nothing but kippers and milk for the rest of the year, how can I be sure that I will really be helping the li'l ol' country? It seems more likely that the extra resources created by my self-denial will immediately be seized by our lovely vote-seeking democratic politicians and awarded to whichever sector of the community is least prepared to exercise self-denial in any form. In other words, the effect of individual self-denial is merely to prolong the agony and make the final reckoning even ghastlier.

Where politicians and fellow citizens are concerned, the attitude of the courageous and responsible man in present circumstances should surely be one of Spare the Rod and Spoil the Child. He should try to produce less and consume more. I think I will make a start by cutting down on my American earnings. Most of them go in tax, and neither the British people nor the politicians have done anything to deserve them for a long time. The answer to Dr. Pitt's question about why the British people and their political leaders hold each other in such profound contempt is surely, burp, that at the present moment in their history they are both quite right. □

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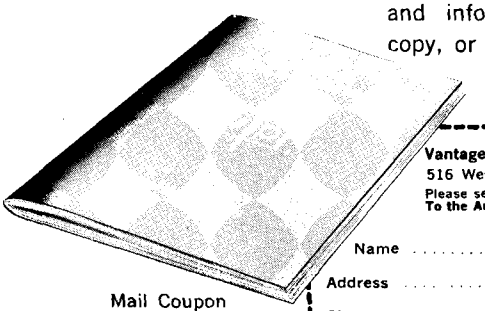

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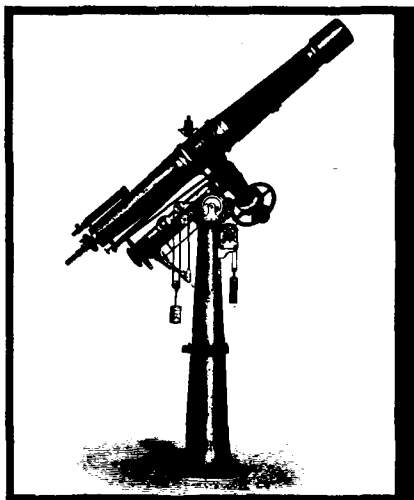

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REYNOLDS

(Continued from page 1237)

ativity and adaptability of markets (e.g., by impeding the best use of resources, and by restricting the ability of buyers and sellers to make mutually satisfactory contracts).

Now, information is costly to create and absorb, so people may have false ideas about their real self-interest. They may believe in free lunches. While such misinformation about self-interest explains inertia (the difficulty of getting the subsidized to listen to the case against subsidies), it does not explain observable change. Innovators can and do create markets for new ideas, just as they do for new products. Entrepreneurs arise to fill gaps in the market for information. This is why the skeptics are finding such a lucrative market for their free market ideas—by providing complementary products (ideas), they are generating a cumulative expansion in the market for libertarian thought.

Purists within the Society sometimes object to the pragmatic approach on the grounds that it makes the government more efficient, thereby preventing the sorts of crises that might otherwise lead to a general repudiation of government intervention. As one of them said to me, "I'd be in favor of freedom even if it didn't work." When compared with a hypothetical ideal, partial reforms do look a bit wishy-washy. But it's hard to get there from here. Eliminating farm subsidies, for example, might impose an inequitable decline in the value of farm land on those who had no choice but to buy their farms at a price that reflected the subsidy. Compromises and transitional programs therefore merit consideration. The objective is always to maximize individual choice, and incremental improvements in this direction should not be dismissed out of hand.

Sam Peltzman offered one such reform on the grounds that government regulation is more likely to increase than decrease, so we should try to shape it rather than just hope it goes away. Since even Nader, the Brookings Institution, and the economic summit have pushed for substantial deregulation (albeit inconsistently), I think the forecast is wrong. But Peltzman's prescription doesn't depend on it. He advocates decentralized state or local regulation, because it is unlikely that a regulator interested in his own survival and advancement will exclude new competitors or set high prices if this sends customers and firms to another area. Also, the regulatory agency's budget might be linked to the output of the regulated industry in order to minimize the regulator's incentive to restrict production. Under budgetary appropriations, an agency charged with keeping unsafe products from being introduced "will be in political difficulty if a product it approves turns out to be unsafe, while it receives no particular reward for approving products that perform routinely or even exceptionally well." The bigger backlog the agency can pile up, the better its claim to be overworked and in need of more funds. Thus, the 1962 toughening of FDA regulations led to a massive 60 per cent reduction in the flow of new drugs, a reduction of new competitors, and a rise in drug prices. Peltzman suggests letting such an agency's budget depend on the number of new products which are approved, with a deduction for those which turn out to be unsafe. "Such a mechanism would at least reduce the agency's incentive to demand overly elaborate and time-consuming evidence on safety," said Peltzman, "for to the extent that this deters product development the agency will face an explicit budget penalty."

The same government that clearly devised hundreds of regulations in order to prevent competition has also been charged with devising antitrust laws to prevent monopoly. In practice, this often turns out to mean protecting existing producers from low ("unfair" or "predatory") prices. Ben Rogge of Wabash College gave a lesson in the Austrian view of competition as a dynamic process, which strikes me as far superior to the static, textbook model:

> The only meaningful definition of monopoly is as a position in the market supported directly or indirectly by government. Competition need not be created, protected, or maintained by government; competition inheres in the very nature of human behavior and all that government need do to see that it exists is not to get in its way. . . . It is wrong per se for governments to seek to modify the outcomes of voluntary exchanges in the market place. An antitrust law is both a per se violation of freedom and an economic absurdity. Under antitrust law the natural objectives of en-

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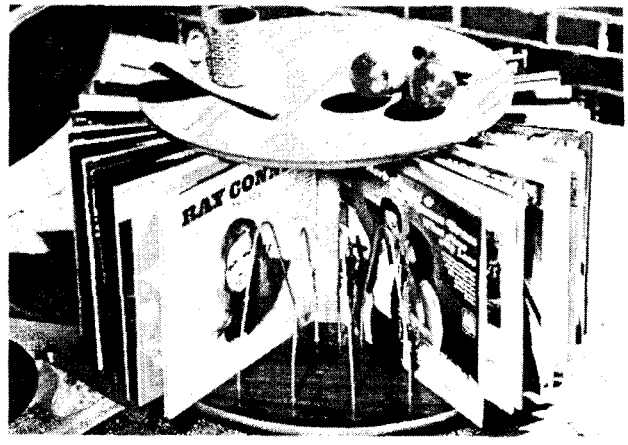

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trepreneurship—growth in the size of the firm, increase in the share of the market, profitability above the average—are made to seem contrary to the good of society. This forces a totally unnecessary ambiguity on the decision-making of businessmen and is contrary to the long run interests of stockholders, workers, and consumers alike.

I really feel sorry for the jetsetters. Every time I travel, something goes wrong. This time, Warren Coats and I decided to try a one day jaunt to Paris. In the evening, after I was quite tired of dodging disposable cars and paying for the privilege of using the coed water closets, I managed to miss my train by about six inches. Coats misplaced his hotel. Earlier in the week, the tour bus left three of us stranded in the medieval city of Bruges, indicating the tour director's wholesome contempt for regimentation and planning.

But no matter the trouble getting to and from the conference, being there was quite a thrill. The formal meetings went on from morning to night, and discussions lasted far into the night. The earliest I got to sleep was three in the morning. A group of us seriously aggravated the shortage of rice, hops, and barley malt. Murray Rothbard demonstrated his disbelief in "neighborhood effect" by holding a songfest until 4 A.M.—a nostalgic gathering of veterans of the libertarian movement, singing World War I pacifiist songs (Murray is quite a good singer—he may have missed his calling).

Toward the end of the conference, Milton Friedman suggested that "the great problem of our Society is to attract the young." Hayek added that he "would wish nothing more than that something similar be created by younger people." This may have been a problem in the past, but the inexorable workings of demographics are gradually restoring balance (Friedman didn't recommend an age quota). Since the last meeting, seven older members have died, including such giants as Ludwig von Mises and F. A. Harper, and something like twenty younger members, including me, were added. Among the guests in their twenties or thirties were Doug Adie of Ohio State, Mike Darby of UCLA, Al Rabushka of the University of Rochester, Don Devine of the University of Maryland, Warren Coats of the University of Virginia, British journalist John O'Sullivan, and the distractingly gorgeous author of *The Feminine Woman*, Arianna Stassinopoulos. If anything, such young thinkers would prefer more exposure to the old masters, rather than less. A separate Society is not the answer.

Another concern of Friedman's was that "we have become too much an Anglo-American Society." Among the young, I recall few guests or members from the Continent, the Orient, Central or South America, or Africa. This may be partly a language problem, solvable by emulating the very active Spanish-speaking Mont Peleriners who have recently begun translating free market classics into Spanish.

At the closing dinner, Hayek gave a characteristically stirring spontaneous talk:

> The ideals which we want to applaud are more gravely threatened today than ever before. I am not sure that there is still time to avert the destruction of liberal society. But we must try. . . . Every effort which contributes a little to creation of a consistent program is worth pursuing. If the Mont Pelerin Society didn't exist, something like it would have to be created. □

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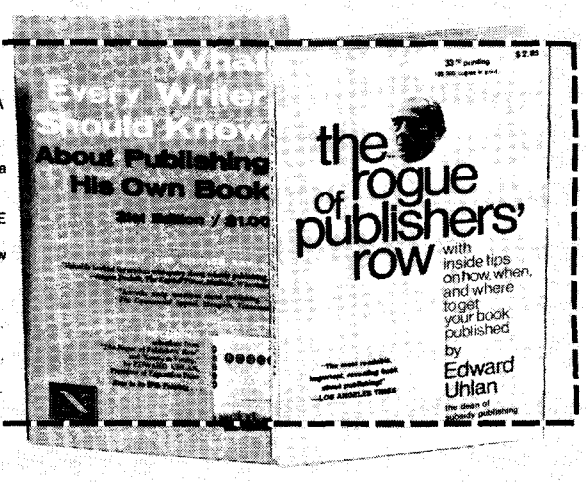
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A Post-Watergate President

On The Right

New York, Oct. 4—It is everywhere said that with the withdrawal of Senator Edward Kennedy from the presidential race, the Watergate drama has come to a complete cycle, crushing, with the same juggernaut that crushed Richard Nixon, Nixon's principal contender for the Presidency, Edward Kennedy. You cannot, we are told, remove the Republican Nixon for his failure, among other things, to come clean about his misbehavior—and then elect the Democrat Kennedy notwithstanding his failure, among other things, to come clean about *his* misbehavior. Richard Nixon's public declaration to the effect that he deeply regrets his mistaken judgments greatly annoyed people who wanted him to appear in sackcloth and ashes, regretting the day that he was born. In fact, politicians use euphemisms, wherever possible. When Edward Kennedy renounced the race for the Presidency, he talked not about Chappaquiddick, but about his obligations to his family. I don't doubt that he feels sincerely his obligations to his family. But then I don't doubt, either, that Richard Nixon feels quite sincerely his regret at his mistaken judgments. After all, when you attempt to obstruct justice and fail to do so, among other things, you have been mistaken in your judgment.

I wish that we would take the opportunity at this point to reflect less on the need of an American President to have been born without sin—pre partu, in partu, and post partum, as the theologians say—than to have been born with outstanding qualifications to serve as President of the United States. I do not mean to be naive. Back around 1967, *Esquire* magazine published a charming essay on who should be President of the United States. It turned out to be some Indiana industrialist, if memory serves, who relaxed by reading Greek poetry in the original, and whose avocation was stuffing money into John Lindsay's pocket. He sounded like a very nice man, and I don't doubt that he should be more prominent than in fact he is. But, presumably, a republic has very little choice than to select a candidate from among people who are substantially involved in public life. And the question arises: how come Richard Nixon was considered the top Republican in the country, and how come Edward Kennedy was considered the top Democrat in the country?

It is easier to answer the second question than the first. Senator Kennedy is the surviving brother of a publicly illustrious brood, and the martyr's blood one longs to avenge runs only in his veins. That in itself would substantially account for his popularity, and you then add, of course, his good looks and his youth. I hear it said, incidentally, that he has developed into a fine public speaker. But his popularity was secure before that happened.

In the case of Richard Nixon, he got to where he got by a combination of extraordinary luck (the need of Dwight Eisenhower to capture the California delegation in 1952), and dogged and intelligent perserverance: ten million town hall appearances for local candidates over a period of twenty years. But Mr. Nixon never distinguished himself as a man of extraordinary gifts, or capacity. If his dealings with the Watergate prosecutors, and with Internal Revenue, and with Bebe Rebozo, were as chaste as those of Snow White with the Seven Dwarfs, would he therefore have loomed as a man more august than he is seen now to be? Isn't it clear that his shortcomings, those that greatly matter, were of an extravenal character?

Here is the trouble with the Presidency. People are laughed at for merely mentioning as a possible President someone who is not heavily steeped in a ritual which tends rather to vulgarize than to ennoble. It is safe nowadays to say, for instance, that you think Senator Jackson should be President. But it is ludicrous to say that you think Frank Stanton should be President. Why? This has nothing to do with any question of sharing or not sharing Jackson's or Stanton's views on public policy. But a wall lifts up, as impenetrable as Berlin's, between the two categories of men. Stanton's executive experience is far greater than Jackson's. His general attraction to left domestic policies is about the same. His views on all matters are very well known. His position on foreign policy is not very different. He is neither much more nor much less effective than Jackson as a public speaker.

Surely this is a direction we should consciously turn to: increasing the list of Americans who should be considered for the Presidency. The mere mention of someone as a possible President has the effect of getting his name thought about. But it should be more than that. Committees should examine men from different professions. They should be written about, listened to. And the old mold should be destroyed: the one that says you have got to stick to a governor or a senator or a congressman, however obscure. Watergate should liberate us from something more than merely the lack of candor. □

CUBA TOMORROW

New York, Oct. 7—One is greatly moved by the Cuban Americans who see it coming and are heartsick at the prospect of it. They have much to learn from Yugoslav Americans, and Polish Americans, and Czechoslovak Americans, whose gestures are reduced to an annual parade, and who are not even conspicuous in the ranks of those who demand a policy of firmness toward the Soviet Union.

It is almost certain now that it is only a matter of time before relations between the United States and Cuba are "normalized." Normalized is here defined as: we will desist from doing anything at all that is inconvenient to Cuba, and Cuba will continue to do exactly as Cuba desires to do.

To be sure, she may promise to stop "exporting" her revolution. There are those who will remember that Maksim Litvinov promised to stop doing that, extending his hand on it to the country squire in the White House. The notion that the Soviet Union would actually disestablish its Comintern because Litvinov promised Roosevelt that it would, is the kind of thing one recounts as a joke at Leninist bars, after the third

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vodka. The most intensive activities of the Comintern followed the Litvinov pact and included the liquidation of Trotsky.

It is true that the Communists are influenced by reality, and the stock of Cuban Communism is riding pretty low in Latin America. After 15 years of Cuban Communism, sugar is rationed. It reminds one of the hard observation about what would happen if the Communists took over the Sahara Desert. Nothing—for fifty years. Then there would be a shortage of sand.

There is a shortage of everything in Cuba except bombast. Particularly there is a shortage of human freedom. The emigration from Cuba matches that from any country in the history of the century. And it is these men and women, who were promised by President Kennedy at a blubbery session in Miami in 1963 that one day their country would be free again, who feel now the anticipatory pain, the needle of the diplomatic punctilio that will officially shatter their dreams.

BUT ONE does wonder whether there is anyone in the Administration working on a quid pro quo. For instance:

1. There are thousands upon thousands of Cubans who are now United States citizens, who would like to visit their relatives in Cuba. These are Americans by law. But in many cases, the Cuban government, through a variety of representatives, has said that it does not recognize their foreign citizenship. That they are guilty of crimes against Cuba, and subject to arrest if they come into Cuba.

Here, surely, the United States should be unbending. If we have relations with Cuba of a normal kind, we cannot expect that Cuba would entertain firebrand revolutionaries going over there with the dark purpose of introducing a little freedom into Cuba. But we should insist on de jure recognition of the fact of U.S. citizenship if granted to a former Cuban national.

2. The investments in Cuba of American individuals and American companies are substantially lost, written off. But a gesture is in order. Such a gesture might be devised from a special sugar price, calculated to return to these companies at least a part of the value of their confiscated investments.

3. There is no reason, at a moment when we are withholding Most Favored Nation privileges from the Soviet Union because of its restrictions on migration, to fail to insist on symmetrical concessions by Castro Cuba. It is, as things stand, a capital offense to attempt to flee Cuba without a special license.

Whether we win our point or not, surely a dramatization of it at the bargaining table will on the one hand put pressure on Castro, and on the other bring a sense of purpose, and relief, to the Cuban Americans whose interests we have so neglectfully watched over during our long retreat from the Monroe Doctrine. □

PAN AMERICAN AGAIN

New York, Oct. 2—I wrote recently about the plight of Pan American Airways, concluding that for all the vicissitudes it has suffered in the past few years there is no reason now to subsidize it directly out of tax funds, a conclusion from which I have not departed. But fairness certainly demands that Pan Am's case be stated more fully than I, at least, did, and that we draw from it those lessons we should about what tends to happen when the United States Government attempts to regulate commerce. It almost never fails in achieving a result approximately the opposite of what it set out to achieve.

First there is the question of the mismanagement of Pan Am. There appears to be little doubt that Pan Am made some serious miscalculations, in the late Sixties in particular. But the situation seems to have turned around, and now Pan Am is leading on one of the important scales, namely, Productivity (in Revenue Ton Miles) per Employee. In 1972, Pan Am led the list with 95.5. TWA was second with 86. Way over at the other end, you find Lufthansa (51), and Air France and Qantas (42). These figures suggest the productivity of the personnel of Pan Am, and suggest that even though a Pan Am pilot gets paid over twice what his counterpart in Qantas is paid, nevertheless when the figures are all sorted out, the per employee productivity is higher. Caution: it could mean, though this is not here alleged, that service is pro tanto poorer.

Here is another index. A comparison of operating expenses to Revenue Ton Miles. Once again, Pan Am leads with 40.1 cents per mile. Next is Northwest with 42.1 cents per mile; way down (among American carriers) is Eastern, with 63.2 cents per mile. The obvious explanation for this is that Pan Am makes fewer stops per trip. I don't have the figures, but I'd guess that every time a Pan Am plane takes off, it is in the air two or three times as long as one of Eastern's, and of course I'm talking about scheduled landings, not those unscheduled landings, by which I refer to that strange, though happily brief, affinity Pan Am planes developed for those volcanoes in the area of Pago Pago.

We get, then, to the discouraging datum. Pan Am's operating revenue per ton mile is about the lowest—40 cents. (Compare Delta's 63.8 cents.) This means one very simple thing, namely, that there are more seats empty and less cargoes filled on Pan Am flights than on other flights.

What burns the Pan Am people up is that theirs is not a failure of capitalism—or so they contend. Given the management and cost figures above, they would appear to be making a good argument. Most of the airlines they compete with are at least 5 per cent government owned. And, as we all know, Pan Am, which services a huge country of inveterate travelers, isn't allowed to organize a gathering system, so that one might fly, say, on the same plane from Denver, to Chicago, to London.

But the fact least emphasized in the bureaucratic tangle is the kind of help given to the competing airlines. Now one would expect that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would do something for BOAC he wouldn't do for TWA. But $500 million for the purchase of new equipment (primarily the Concorde) is a whale of a subvention. Then there are the little harassments. In many foreign countries, when you go to buy a ticket on Pan Am to go home, the little lady at the national tourist office refuses to accept payment unless you have a license to export that many dollars. Subtly, the pressure is put on you to use the national airline.

BUT WHAT about help for foreign airlines from U.S. institutions? The Export-Import Bank, substantially one of our creations, makes loans to foreign governments for the purchase of U.S. aircraft at rates that are exaggeratedly below those our poor people have to pay. Recently, 6 per cent versus 12 per cent. That makes a difference of as much as 7 million bucks for a Boeing 747. Now it is pleasant to have European countries buying United States airplanes: but it is like the wheat business all over again. We subsidize foreign buying of U.S. products at a specially low rate and, for our pains, bring on yet another economic crisis.

The trouble with direct subventions is you just get deeper into the quagmire. The way to travel is in the opposite direction. Let Pan Am drop its unprofitable routes. Let it set its own fares. Let it pick up passengers in the States. It says it's willing to compete, and should be given a try. □

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